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LORIA

Fall 1942

St. Joseph's College for Women

OUR



American

SCENE ★ ★ ★

★ In publishing this issue of Loria, we have endeavored to picture life as it may be found in this country, from North to South, East to West. This is the American Scene, as recorded by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women within the realm of their experiences.

Furthermore, this publication is but one more attempt to keep our minds directed toward a peacetime when life in the American Scene can return to normalcy. Under dire conditions, we are trying to maintain some of the normal activities, in order that our fighting men will not return to a land of unrest and bewilderment.

It is to these courageous men that we sincerely dedicate this issue of Loria.

The Editor

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*That this government
shall not perish from the earth*

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PLAINLY UP TO US

by Rosemary Christman

About the nicest part of going away for the summer is coming home again. It was fun, coming back to Arsdale on Labor Day, and seeing Annie again. It was even fun going back to school on Tuesday, because we were both entering Arsdale High. There is something so distinctive about being a High School Girl.

But the most fun of all was having Cliff Arnold move across the street. The very first day I was home Annie told me all about him. We were sitting under the maple tree at the front of my lawn, a strategic position. Annie was sitting up straight, her words tumbling over one another. Annie has deep brown eyes, and freckles, and a fascinating grin.

"Terry," she exclaimed, "he's gorgeous. He's not very tall, but he's blond, with brown eyes, and such a smile! He's a Senior, and he's going to pitch for the team. And he always talks to me."

"Oh," I said, disdainfully, "Really Annie, you're only a Freshman. Of course he talks to you, but, well, for instance you couldn't expect him to take you to the Thanksgiving dance, or anything."

"Well, maybe not," Annie admitted, "But for your information he's out fishing on Cutter's Creek, and he said I could come out after if I'd bring the lunch."

I was stunned, and sat there staring at her. So she added kindly. "I told him you were coming home today, and he said I could bring you."

It took a little coaxing before Mother, who was knee deep in "settling in" finally said I could go. We picked up the lunch box and thermos at Annie's, and headed out the back road from town. Where the road crossed the Creek we turned left, and about a half mile further on we came across Cliff Arnold, flat on his back beside the brook, chewing a straw thoughtfully. He sat up as we came along, and I saw a pair of brown eyes above a gay plaid shirt. He smiled, and his smile was nice.

"I hope you brought lots of food," he called. "I didn't catch a thing." Then he looked at me and said, "You must be Terry. I can tell by your dimples."

I blushed, and by the time my confusion had faded, Annie had the lunch set out, and the coffee poured. There is one thing about Annie, you can't ever make a joke while she's drinking something, because she chokes. But Cliff is always making jokes, and before the picnic was over, Cliff had to pound her on the back not less than four times. Marilyn frowns on this choking of Annie's and scolds her all the while she pounds her.

Marylin is Annie's sister. She's a Senior, with long, honey-colored hair, and blue eyes. She's swell, as older sisters go, but she suffers from delusions of grandeur. She doesn't care for High School Boys, it's a College Man or nothing for her. She's always being invited up to the University, and when the High has a dance, if she goes, she asks one of the fellows from up there.

But she really is swell to Annie and me, and we're very fond of her. She's useful about telling us such things as how much lipstick the parents will let us get away with.

Well anyway, school started the day after the picnic, and we didn't see too much of Cliff after that. We had a few days of delirious hopes that he might, just might, ask one of us to the dance. But then we realized that every girl in the Senior class was out after the new man, and that Ruthie Lawrence was leading the pack.

So Annie and I gave up our dreams and went back to Joey and Pudge. I consoled myself with the fact that the Senior football star had once had the proportions of Pudge. After all, you have to give these men time. And every Saturday morning, as an antidote, Annie and I used to go over to Arnolds and watch Cliff wash his car. He used to tell us about his ambitions, and we had to admire him.

Then one day in October, Annie told me what had happened. While searching for a lost scarf, she had found, in Marylin's handkerchief drawer, a picture of Cliff, clipped out of the local newspaper. That put us on the watch, and we soon confirmed our suspicions. Marylin had fallen for Cliff, and fallen hard. But she wasn't getting anyplace fast.

We could understand her position. For two years she hadn't dated anybody from the High. And now she couldn't make a move, and still hold her self respect. The other girls would have been down on her like ducks on a June bug. And Cliff wouldn't dare to do anything because the other boys had tipped him off that Marylin didn't date small fry.

So it was plainly up to us, and Fate to do something. But we couldn't think of anything that wasn't horribly obvious. At least, at first we couldn't.

Every year Ruthie Lawrence had a super-Hallowe'en party. And it had gotten to be the custom for the boys to make their dates for the Thanksgiving Dance then. By this time we were resigned to Joey and Pudge, so we had no worries of our own. But we had other worries. Marylin announced that she was going to the party.

The house looked grand, with witches, and ghosts, and pumpkins all over the place. Just everybody was there, and the phonograph never stopped for a second. And Ruthie was making a terrific play for Cliff, and he was liking it. Ruthie is small, and dark, and luscious, and she has no inhibitions. She was pursuing her man, but she did it beautifully. She practically had the invitation sewed up, and she knew it.

But Annie and I were watching, and we could see Cliff's eyes straying towards Marylin. Once their eyes met, and sparks jumped. But neither of them had the courage to do anything.

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The War Poet

by Marjorie Jones

Poetry at present, especially in the hands of the youthful poet, is in a very embarrassing position. When a subject is so embarrassed, it usually does one of two things—makes itself as inconspicuous as possible for a period of time or, what's worse in the case of art, develops an inferiority complex which stifles future activity.

A realization of this uncomfortable position of poetry and the poet struck me this summer when I had the opportunity of reading some poems of a young soldier who had had frightful experiences in the tropics. It was good poetry—but brutally frank. He had sent it to a magazine which was reluctant to print it for fear it might reflect upon him as a member of the armed forces. He was advised to keep it in reserve until after the war.

A friend of mine had a similar experience. She is holding the poems of a Marine who is foresighted enough not to risk their loss in the turmoil of army life.

Don't misunderstand me. There is nothing unpatriotic about these boys, or their work. In fact, these are the truly patriotic—the poets whose extreme sensibilities are burned most deeply by war, but who carry on just as nobly as any one else.

This same condition does not apply to the art of painting. Artists in the service behold sights which they never would have viewed otherwise and are doing an excellent job of reproducing them. But the young writer, even at home is having a difficult time of it. This is probably because of a natural antipathy between the beastliness of war and the spirituality of literature. Inspiration just doesn't seem to come. We who have been brought up in a post-war period of cynicism and pacifism find it most unnatural to write battle cries and yet there seems little to be gained by exposing the horrors of war at a time when the struggle can not possibly end and, by its very nature, is far from indifferent to us in regard to outcome.

Dark though the outlook may be, there is a fertile field for the talented youth. Poetry must not die. At the worst, it must merely sit and wait. After this World War, as after the first, a broken, peace-craving world will provide an eager market for poetry exposing the horrors of war. Siegfried Sassoon—the bitterest and perhaps the best of post-war poets—was almost court-martialled for his poetry but has since been valued truly as a force for good. It's just the type of thing people try to close their eyes to now that they will be looking for after the war, and the youth who is prepared for the new spirit will be in a

(Please turn to page 36)

Fall Craft

THE MAGIC OF AUTUMN

*Autumn is a sorcerer,
A necromantic knave
Bewitching Beauty to his lure,
And Nature to his slave.*

*Autumn, masquerading priest,
Is chasubled and stoled
Liturgically, from goblin green
To alchemistic gold.*

*Autumn woos me with his wiles,
Nor palliates the art,
And I, still unsuspecting, may
Hold Winter to my heart.*

S.M.I.

WAITING

by Shirley Dolan

I always hated waiting. Yet it seems as if my whole life were made up of waiting. In the morning I always waited for my coffee. Then I'd have to wait for my change at the newstand. No matter how early or late I was, I always waited for my train.

During my schooldays I had to wait for my report card. When I played football I had to wait until someone was injured before I got my chance. I always waited for books at the public or lending library. At graduations I had to wait until the end of the alphabet was called. Christmas Eve meant a time of waiting till tomorrow. My childhood was a period of waiting for the rain to stop and my adolescence of waiting till you're a little bit older. Then my adult life turned into waiting until I could pay cash.

Invariably I've waited for a seat at the movies. I never bought a suit without having to wait for alterations. In drug stores I waited daily for a place at the counter. Whenever I went to a restaurant or a night club my tip was measured by my period of waiting.

Even the day I was married I waited for my wife. She was always late. I've waited for her for church, bingos, movies, I guess for almost everything. But the longest wait I ever had was when our baby was born. Again I waited for a fleeting glimpse of that small bundle of wails that was my daughter.

I waited for my dinner each night. In the middle of the week I always waited for the laundry to bring a clean shirt. I waited patiently for that raise that never came through.

All my life I've waited for either good news or bad news. All my life I've hated waiting. I still hate waiting. Maybe . . . "O.K. men, over the top."

Impressions

*Brilliant green carpet,
Tall oak tree;
Burnt leaves whirling,
Young children's glee.*

*Dwarfed russet apples,
Sweet amber honey;
Days growing crisper,
Still golden, sunny.*

*Tangy sap running
Piney needles shine
Full richness flowing
Like deep purple wine.*

*Geese flying south
In militant "V",
Gird us to hope
In spring's victory*

Mae Calhoun

“Oh! Captain, My Captain - - -”

by Kathleen Lambert

Through the darkness of the dormitory, Maida's voice sounded cool and insolent. "Who are you bringing to the dance, Ginny?" she asked, "Or aren't you coming at all?"

Ginny was silent. If she admitted that she had no one to bring she would never get that pledge for Phi Beta Sorority. And without the pledge, Ginny didn't want to live. So she took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I'm coming. I'm bringing—er, a Midshipman!"

There was a tense silence. A Midshipman at St. Cecilia's! Ginny's social standing jumped ten points. Then Maida said, scornfully, "Oh Ginny, not your brother, Bob."

Ginny started to say "Yes," and then thought of the pledge. The words came out, "No, someone else. He's captain of the—the team. Football, I think."

The click of rosary beads in the hall cut short the conversation, and Ginny turned over gratefully. But morning found the wide blue eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses worried and tired. In a free hour she dashed off a note to Bob, telling him what she had done and begging for help.

His answer came in two days, inviting her down to the Academy the following week-end. He promised to introduce her to Bruce McElroy, captain of the football team.

Ginny arrived at Annapolis on Saturday, and stayed, as Bob suggested, at Mrs. Dempsey's, a Navy widow and a helpful soul. She waved Ginny off to Bancroft Hall with a cheery smile.

Ginny sat in the reception room feeling small and Navy Blue around the region of her heart. The Middies and their brightly dressed girls swarmed in and out in a gay, laughing crowd. Then suddenly Bob's familiar face was grinning down at her, and he introduced her to Bill Tallant, his "wife." Bill was tall, and slim, and dark, and before she had quite assimilated his smile, Ginny was being hurried off to the stadium.

"Kitten," Bob explained, "We've figured it all out. Bill has agreed to be 'Number One Man' in this crusade for Bruce McElroy. He's going to rush you. We'll make a 4.0 drag out of you before tonight's hop."

Ginny knew that the Middies used the Academic marking system on their girls. She was wondering if she fell below 2.5, and was therefore classified as a "brick." Somehow she didn't enjoy the football game quite as much as usual. She lost her glasses (which was all for the good of the cause) and received endless advice on what to say and do.

After the game they went over to Dahlgren Hall where an Informal was in

progress. Bill explained that the Middies near the door were vultures, come to look over the field and pick out the drags they wanted to meet.

Dancing with Bill was like floating, and for a while Ginny forgot about the captain she had to snare. And then Bob appeared with a Greek God, and Ginny was dancing with Bruce McElroy. He had that "aren't you-the-lucky-one-to-be-dancing-with-me" air, and Ginny was glad when he departed. But she realized that she simply had to rate. She had to have that Captain for St. Cecilia's Ball.

"Now you've seen everything," Bob was saying in her ear, "and you can have it."

Ginny tried hard, and she emerged, at eight o'clock, like a butterfly out of a cocoon. There was something young and saucy about her pointed, elfin face, and the chestnut curls around it. Her dress was a puff of white cloud with stars twinkling through. She felt like Cinderella, about to lose her heart rather than her slipper.

Bill and Bob, true Navy men, arrived on the stroke of eight. Because they weren't allowed to ride in uniforms, they walked towards Dahlgren Hall.

"Ready?" Bill said, as they entered. "We'll run the receiving line, and then it's on with the dance."

The floor of the Armory was crowded, and a line of gleaming stags extended along one side. The music was good, and Ginny could feel her spirits lift to meet it.

It amazed her the way the stags cut in, and asked for introductions. And finally Adonis McElroy appeared in person.

He started right in, "I think you're wonderful, you're marvelous, you're dazzling, you're gorgeous . . ."

"Mr. McElroy."

"You're a 4.0 queen. Come out and let the moon see you, too."

It was just as they had planned it, the moon, Ginny and the man. And Ginny didn't care. There was no breathless anticipation, no beating heart. She only wished that he would go away. "Let's go in," she said.

There were many more cuts, but none from Bill.

The next morning after chapel, Ginny saw Tecumseh, God of 2.5 who protects Middies at exam time, Lover's Lane, and "Joe Gish's Room." All this with Bruce. Bill had given her a friendly "Good Morning," and "I see you've brought your ship into port" and then he disappeared.

That afternoon everyone went ice-skating. The sky was blue, and the air cold and snappy. And Ginny, ducking Bruce, skated slowly by herself.

Suddenly there was an arm around her waist, and matching Bill's powerful strokes they fairly skimmed over the ice. The wind whistled past her ears, and Bill shouted, "How's your Captain?"

Ginny didn't answer, and in a minute Bill laughed, "Oh Ginny, Ginny," he said, "There are other captains in the world. Take me for instance. I'm Captain of the hockey team."

He looked down at her and smiled, and, holding hands, they skated on across the lake.

Bigger and Better Priorities

by Cecile Mills

Even Ivory Towers won't protect the gentry from Priorities it seems. I know. for the past year I have been comfortably established in one, of the best quality ivory, and I haven't escaped. It is decidedly chilly these days. And not only that, but the outside world keeps knocking at my door and with a wistful expression inquires if I would "please lend them a gas ticket, or at least a hunk of beef for the baby." I coldly reply that even the Ivory Tower cult has to eat and as for the gasoline—well, I need that for my cigarette lighter.

After the twelfth such request I decided to thrust my nose out of the Tower and go on a tour of inspection through the city, to discover if possible just what priorities were doing to the mob. And possibly what the mob was doing to priorities. After that I would return to my ill-heated Tower and complain about conditions. Complaining is our favorite indoor sport, donchaknow.

With a goodly supply of sugar cubes to use as bribes and tips I sauntered from my tower intent upon my mission. Clad in a wool coat made of cotton, and bottled stockings, I tossed my knapsack of ration books over my shoulder, took a fairly deep breath and leaped into the fray. The leap was short lived to say the least. I had no sooner begun to move than a stately person who appeared to be on a bicycle began to shout at me. I shouted back and kept on moving;—indignantly, I might add. The consequences of my rash act were immediate and dire. The stately person and I joined forces with a loud impact and inadvertently sat down together. I immediately offered her some sugar which she gobbled graciously. As we sat smiling foolishly at each other a third person joined the sit down club with a crash. Our little group now contained two bicycles and three people. Quick to realize the disadvantages of such uneven distribution I immediately seized one of the bicycles and rode away.



The proud possessor of said bicycle, I joined the mass of fellow-riders that thronged the streets. My adventures had now begun. Like the other riders I began to look smug and assume that look-what-I-have attitude. It made one feel so terribly British to be riding a bike. I ignored the lowly pedestrians entirely.

Soon problems of a new nature arose. A few hardy souls still drove automobiles. They are hardy because the responsibilities of the priority driver are un-countable. In the first place they use kerosene instead of gasoline. The peculiar qualities of kerosene leave a car prone to die under you, or kick out reports that blow off the exhaust pipe and blow up the driver. Things wouldn't be so bad if the cars in question still had bumpers.

Wearying of my bicycle, I decided that city life wasn't quite the thing any more. The quiet of the country invited me, and parking my bike on the Flatbush Avenue Extension, I hopped a freight bound for the wilds of Long Island. Three hours later I reached a point three miles from the city.

No sooner had I disembarked than three young men in uniform accosted me and demanded a visor, or passport, or something. After much loud talk and arm waving I convinced them that I couldn't speak German or Japanese, and they agreed to let me go on my way. What they didn't tell me was that an Army dog, trained along the general lines of a commando, was going to follow me.

The first place that caught my eye was the beach. I had no sooner ascended the first dune when two brawny men with guns began to take pot shots at me. After smiling sweetly at them for a moment, I ran. Apparently one is not allowed on the beaches, I said to myself.

What with one thing and another, Brooklyn looked sweet to me. I decided to walk.

Arriving at my Ivory Tower several days later, thoughts were seething through my brain. In all that stimulating trip there had not been a glum face.



illustrations by the author

The click of leather heels sounded cheerful, the boys with rubber checks were, of a necessity, gone, and coffee was bad for us anyway. Every cloud must have the well known lining, I said, even priorities. Then and there I began to dismantle the iron fence around my tower. (This is not as noble as it sounds since I hear that it will bring a pretty penny at the junk yard around the corner.) In fact I am even going to give in my radio with Kate Smith singing "God Bless America." It's better that way.

PARABLE of the SENIOR and the FRESHMAN

by Carol Harrison

I sing you a song of the campus
A song of a life that's free (?)
I sing of a Freshman and Senior
One Mary, the other Marie.

These two, by some chance, were together
In class meeting in 304—
A paper, one day, was assigned them
Of one thousand words—if not more.



Illustration by the author

Mary, with freshman naïvté
Said, "There's a week 'til it's due."
Marie raised one brow (as she'd practiced),
"One week is just five weeks too few."

The two ambled forth thinking deeply.
Old thoughts burned themselves into smoke.
New thoughts they considered minutely,
Each feeding her brain with a coke.

And days coursed along, almost seven,
The freshman still felt she had time.
The senior lost sleep for she worried;
Her writings lacked reason and rime.

Alas, despite calm celebrations
 Friend senior got nowhere—but fast.
She woke to the realization
 This night was seventh, and last.

While the freshman, wildly remorseful
 Saw homework assignments piled high
She thought of her thousand word paper
 And knew that her doomsday was nigh.

In two homes the lights burned on brightly
 From evening 'til break of the day.
And thoughts chrystallized upon paper
 Where the metaphor's fell, they lay.

The two staggered on through the morning
 Each wearied and wanting to weep,
Together they passed in their papers
 Together they nodded to sleep.

This parable must preach a moral,
 Applicable to you and me—
What it is I just can't remember
 Or what use it could possibly be.

People Are Like That

by Rose Senese

Sam Seebers was a fresh kid.

He stole apples when he was ten. Cigarettes when he was fifteen.

Everybody in Belrey Township said he'd come to no good. His mother said he'd turn out all right if people would mind their own business.

Sam seemed to be everybody's business.

When he was eighteen Sam walked out of Belrey High School, and never went back. He knocked at the door of the principal's office, said, "Goodbye, Fatty," and left.

People said he didn't deserve a job. Nobody went out of his way to give him one.

He woke up one morning, and told his mother he was going away. That afternoon he left. He went to Norfolk, and joined the Navy.

The only time people heard about Sam was when Mrs. Seebers got a postcard. Al Meyers, the mailman, used to tell folks what was on them. Sam never wrote a letter.

Once, in 1940, Sam came home. He said hello to Mary Phillips on his way down from the station. Her mother saw Sam, and came outside. Mrs. Phillips said if she ever saw Sam near her Mary, she'd tar and feather him. Sam laughed in her face.

He won eight dollars from the kids in the pool room. Folks said Sam was a sharper. Nobody bothered to ask the kids what they were doing there in the first place.

Sam went back. Everybody said he was just a tough sailor.

In 1942, the war came. The draft started, and some boys enlisted. Belrey Township put up an honor roll in front of the Court House.

Sam Seebers' name was there. His mother wanted "Samuel." They put down "Sam."

One day, there was a big story in the papers about a boat, the "Lexington." One of the sailors went through hell fire to rescue two men. His name was Sam Seebers.

Everybody said, "Sam Seebers! That's OUR Sam Seebers! Great kid, smart as a whip. Too smart for Belrey! Had to show them what we grow here!"

The reporters from the city took Mary Phillips' picture. Her mother wanted them to snap one of Mary pointing to Sam's name on the honor roll.

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BOWLED OVER

by Agnes Fennelly

With the sudden formation of women's bowling clubs, all over the country, it has become evident that although the origin of bowling goes back much further, it's recent rise in popularity certainly blew in with the draft. I don't know how the old Dutch burghers who brought the game to New Amsterdam before 1600 would have enjoyed seeing their wives take over Bowling Green Square, just north of Battery Park, which was famous when bowling was still an outdoor sport, but today women have invaded the indoor bowling alley and have as deep an interest as men in the annual meeting of the American Bowling Congress. This may be because bowling balls are the only things we've got left to twirl around our little fingers on Saturday nights.

A few weeks ago, I bowled for the first time. It seemed that Life was opening a new portal for me, but she opened it, and investigated, and alas—slammed it shut again saying, "This is not for you." I say it now with awe, but confidentially, it was awful. As soon as we reached the alleys, I could feel a sort of depression settling over my ears, like a rather large hat. I tried to lift one of the balls but after a few minutes, decided it was probably one of the permanent fixtures of the place. When asked to choose which size ball I wished, I judged brightly that one of about one half pound weight would do. The gentleman (and that is questionable) in charge looked at me scornfully and replied, "What d'yu want, Sis? A marble?" At last I tugged an anemic cannon ball up to place where the futility of it all made me hesitate; I was shocked back to awful reality by a voice which was on intimate terms with shock quality—"C'mon Sugar—bowl." The charming owner of the voice went into some sort of high glee. I had always before had a soft feeling in my heart for people who enjoyed their own humor, but from that moment on, I've realized the soft feel-



illustration by Carol Harrison

Frame after frame, we bowled, and as most of my balls rolled toward the pins via the gutter, his merriment increased. When one finally managed to stay on the alley, the same raucous voice on the sidelines shrieked "Get back in the gutter." Had this been done, however, the creature would probably have been obliged to move over. At last someone suggested that we stop bowling and have something to eat. Speaking of alleys, this was right down mine, and I settled down to a raw onion with some hamburger.

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November Night

by Cathleen A. Neary

*The year is old
And in the growing dark
She creeps,
Shivering, cold,
Gathering close her rattling, leaf-fringed robe
Moaning a vain lament
For her fast nearing death.*

*But far above
Across uncounted vastnesses of space
Stars throng the skies,
A shining multitude.
They watch the crone
With twinkling cherub eyes;
Their laughter rings as clear
As tinkling bells
Through the cold night.*

*With a low rustling sound
The year moves on.
Save timeless stars and I
All else is gone.*

FACULTY FACTS

● Being "at bat" didn't phase him; neither does a College for Women alone. For Mr. Casey is "terribly keen" about his work here, although he'd never taught girls until now.

If he follows Mr. Kehoe again we may lose Mr. Casey to the Navy. He's interested in camouflage. So interested that he has just completed the course at Pratt Institute, his alma mater of 1918-1922 days. The technique, he feels, requires a knowledge of engineering as well as art. There he also qualifies. In the last war, Mr. Casey served with the corps of Army Engineers. Incidentally, he referred to the use of WACCS and WAVES as "a darn good thing," if they remain auxiliaries.

A genuine cosmopolitan, Mr. Casey has a yen to summer in——Maine! As a student of Art schools in New York, Leeds and Italy, he lived for a while in a picturesque fishing village on the Mediterranean. The sea fever lasted. Besides he'd like to try outdoor painting in America.

Mr. Casey has a real interest in people. It follows that portraits constitute his best work, exhibited by Allied Arts. He's a recognized artist, all right! St. Joseph's holds him worthy too.

by Eileen Sutherland

● Miss Gilmore originally hails from Brooklyn. She graduated from high school in Bayridge and in the summer commenced a tour of some of the larger colleges in the East. She settled upon Smith, and as she says, "I've never been sorry for that choice." Her summer vacations were spent with the Herald Tribune, first on the Health Fund, later covering assignments for the paper. Having thus tasted journalism, she decided against it as a career as being too superficial a form of writing. Attracted by a fine English Department and a desire to see something of the South, Miss Gilmore decided to do her graduate work at Duke University. Now, while teaching at St. Joseph's, she is studying for her doctorate.

At St. Joseph's, an altogether favorable impression has been made upon her. She praises the spirit of a liberal arts college that she has found here, as well as our form of student government. Have any of her works been published? Yes, some scholarly works but nothing other than that in her own name. Miss Gilmore has seen a good part of our Eastern coast, traveling, mostly by plane. In her spare time she likes to ride, swim. And as for the story that goes with her big gold watch . . . Why there is no story . . . she says . . .

by Margaret Garvey

Come Seven, Come Eleven

by Catherine Dolan

"Land's sakes, Deborah, you never saw anythin' like it in all your born'd days. I've ben so busy gettin' all the details straight that I haven't had time to tell you what happened. You know what I mean,—the Bingo and everythin' that followed. It's a pity you have to set in the house all the time, Deborah, or you could've had the news first hand. Well, no matter. I'll just set here with you for a spell an' tell you everythin'. Land's sakes, what good would your old sister be if she couldn't give you a few bits of news now and then. Mind you—it's not gossip. It's news—the best Centerville has had for some time. Anyway—I think so.

"First off, I'll tell you about Penny. You know Penny, don't you? Yes, that's the girl. Pretty little thing—isn't she? Though, like all the younger generation, she hasn't much sense—giddy, I'd say. A new girl? Well, not exactly,—you see, she's here just for the summer. Yes, stayin' with her Aunt, Mary Carroll, up the next block. Penny's real name is Celestine Carroll. I suppose Penny is one of those nicknames people stick on you for no good reason. I wanted to tell you about her because she won a prize at the Bingo.

"Remember when I went to the Bingo at the meetin' house last Tuesday night? Well, so as not to miss anything, I sat right in the first row, where I could turn around and see everybody behind me, and when I was playin' the game, so that I could hear all that was said on the stage. Jasper Jones called off the numbers. He was sayin' G57—B7—B11— when all of a sudden, I heard a girl's voice call out Bingo.

"You're right, it was Penny. I heard her so well because she and her aunt were settin' right behind me. That was a surprize but, land's sakes, wait until you hear this! Someone else had Bingo at the same time. At first, I couldn't believe my eyes—and then when I came to my senses, I almost fell off my chair. It was Matilda Pringle! Maybe, I'd better be charitable and call her Miss M. Pringle. I know that she never wants anyone to know what the M. stands for. Just the same, I didn't feel charitable then, because as I saw her comin' down the aisle, I was thinkin' how she's the one who never will admit her age. Of course, like all women over twenty-one, she doesn't look thirty,—anymore. To me she looks very much like forty. She walked down to the stage so slowly—tryin' to appear dignified, I suppose. Every time I see her, I can't help but remark on that 'set' way she has about her. No life—no 'zip' at all. Why, land's sakes,—Penny was so full of life. You should've seen the way she ran down to the stage.

"Penny kept talkin' all the time. When her numbers were checked, Jasper gave her her prize of ten dollars. She kept sayin' somethin' like this,

"Ten dollars? Oh, I'm so thrilled. I know of so many things I want to buy with this money, but I don't know what I want most. Isn't it wonderful? Ten dollars. Goodness, I don't know what to say. As she was leavin' the stage to come back to her aunt, I'm sure I could hear Jasper say, 'It 'pears to me, ye've said too much already.' In a way I don't blame him. Do you Deborah?

"Well anyway, Matilda (now Deborah—she can't hear me and I always said that Matilda was a name to be proud of. My name, Zamantha, is better though, more dignified in a way). Well, Matilda was next to have her card checked. I could hear her say in that smart way of hers, 'Hello, Jasper. I wonder if it's really true that I got Bigno? This is the first time in my life that this has ever happened. Here's the card.'

" 'Let me see,' says Jasper, as he goes through the motions of checkin' a second time. 'Oh, my goodness. Miss Pringle, ye've hit the Jackpot—you win one hundred dollars! Folks, isn't that wonderful?'

"Everybody clapped. I could hear Jep Spring an' others buzzin'—all wonderin' what she was goin' to do with all that money. Would she give it to her widowed sister or would she spend it all on herself? All Matilda could gasp was 'Oh my.' She went right home. The rest of us did the same when the game was over.

"I never pry into any one's affairs, you know that, Deborah. So, I didn't, like other people, go to see Mary Carroll right away. I heard some bits of news while I was shoppin' on Friday, so I just went to see Mary Carroll, to see if what I'd heard was true. I didn't go to see Matilda because she and I aren't on the best of terms.

"Well, as I said, I went to Mary's house. I happened to drop in on my way home from shoppin' down in the town. We had tea and she told me everythin' that happened. Matilda had told Penny how she decided to spend the money the way she did and Penny told her aunt. What did you say, Deborah? How does Matilda happen to know Penny? Just you wait. That part will come in good time.

"The next mornin' (after she won the money), Penny seemed perturbed about somethin' when she came downstairs for breakfast. That's another thing—Do you know that Mary Carroll lets Penny sleep until nine o'clock in the morning? Very bad habits to give a young lady her age. Imagine! Well, Penny told her aunt that she had been dreamin' all night about spendin' the money and that when she woke up that mornin' she lay in bed tryin' to figure out what she would do with that ten dollars. She wanted to buy things for herself, especially a little green hat with a red feather, (You remember the silly one I told you about, Deborah,) but she knew she was bein' selfish. She didn't know what to do, so when she went downstairs, she asked her aunt. Mary, knowin' how much Penny wanted the hat and knowin' her desire to be unselfish, said, 'Why don't you spend half your money to get yourself that hat and with the other half, you could buy a present for a little boy I know. He is

a little crippled boy and he's very poor.' She told Penny that his name is Jo-Jo Alden. Yes, Deborah, he's Matilda's nephew. You haven't seen him because he's like you. He stays in his house or just outside the door. Well, when Mary told all this to her niece, she said, 'I'm sure he'd like that. What do you think he'd enjoy?—trains, blocks, or what else? Well, never mind. I'm positive that when I get to the store, I'll know what to get. I'll go right now.' Then she left the house excited and happy.

"You remember what I said about Matilda—that she and I weren't on the best of terms? Well I didn't get this next part from her. I got it like I said before, from Mary and Mary got it from her niece Penny who got it from Matilda, herself. Land's sakes, what a long speech I had to make to tell you that! Well, it seems that Matilda also had a hard time decidin' how to spend the money. Since she has only a month left before she has to go back to teaching, she wanted to spend her money on a trip of some sort. Then again she wanted to buy a new hat, but she also knew that she should give the money to her widowed sister, Mrs. Alden who has a little son, Jo-Jo. I can see where she must have been in some predicament—tryin' to decide between all those things. She was tryin' to decide what to do with the money before she went to bed that night (the night she won it) and the next morning before she got up. Well, anyway, to make a long story short, she finally decided to give the money to her sister. I thought she'd do that. She might appear a little stiff and uppity, but she's got a good heart. I always said that, even if I didn't like the idea of her admittin' her age, when everyone knows she's at least forty years old. Well, no matter, she decided as I said, to give the money to her sister.

"However, she felt that she shouldn't let both the vacation and the new hat fly out the window, so she said to herself that she would buy the new hat. Wait 'til I tell you about that hat, Deborah. Land's sakes—you'd never guess WHICH hat she wanted to buy! She wanted that silly green hat with the red feather. Imagine! The same one Penny wanted to buy! She must have known herself, that it was a silly idea because this is what she said to Mary. She said that she wanted to, and yet she was afraid to buy it because she knew that the people in town would stare and remark at her sudden change to the wearing of silly hats. Her pupils might think that she had, at long last, had a boy friend and the older people, well they just wouldn't know what to think! Why, land's sakes, people might even believe she was a little pixilated.—At her age and with her set ways, she just couldn't do it to my way of thinkin'. She didn't either. It happened this way.

"She felt that she had to have the hat no matter what happened . . . So, she went to town, and straight to the hat store where she saw it. She told Penny later that she was afraid to try it on, even in front of the clerk, Miss Baker.

"When she went into the store the clerk said, 'Why good morning, Miss Pringle. Out bright and early, I see. How are you? It's been some time since we've seen you. I have just the thing for you—a nice black felt for autumn. By the way, I heard that you won one hundred dollars at the Bingo. How does it fell to have so much money?'

When Matilda got a chance to get a word in edgewise, she said, 'Good morning, Miss Baker. I'm fine thank you. No, I don't think I want a black felt today. What I want is that little green hat in the window. I'll take it right with me.'

"Then Miss Baker ups with, 'That little hat? Oh, I see,—You're going to give it as a present to someone. Some young lady will be happy.'

"At that, Matilda just stammered somethin' like, 'Yes,—th-that is . . . yes —Well, I must be going now. How much will that be? Five dollars? All right. Here you are. Good day!'

"Miss Baker, still wondering whom the hat was for, called after Matilda, 'Good day, Miss Pringle. Call again.' What a narrow escape! The clerk, that is, Miss Baker, almost found out. Well, anyway, if the hat fitted Matilda, the whole town would soon see it.

"When she got home, she tried it on in front of her own mirror, an' when she saw herself, she nearly died laughing. At least, that's what she told Penny, but for the life of me, I can't imagine Matilda laughing. It just doesn't seem like her. Anyway,—she knew then and there, that she could never wear it outside of the house. She paid five dollars just to find out that she could never wear that hat. Land's sakes—wasteful, I call it. She should've known in the first place, that it didn't suit her. She's too old; anyone can see that.

'Remember I told you that that was the very hat Penny wanted? Well, m' anwhile, not knowin' that Matilda had bought it, Penny went to town to buy it as well as the present for little Jo-Jo. First of all, she rushed to the hat store. When she got there, Miss Baker said, 'Why, good morning. Aren't you one of those who won money at the Bingo last Tuesday? You're the second winner we've had in here this morning. And what may I do for you?'

"Penny said good morning also and then she came to the point. 'I'd like to try on that green hat with the red feather—the one you had in the window.'

"Miss Baker then answered, 'Oh, that hat! I'm afraid you're just a little too late. Miss Pringle just came in ahead of you and bought it. I'm very sorry. Maybe, there's something else I could show you.'

Penny was very grieved. She could only utter somethin' like, 'N-no, thank you.'

"She had been so happy before and now she was so sorrowful. As she told her aunt later, she felt she was bein' punished for her selfish thoughts. However, she felt that even though she was unhappy, she'd make one person really happy—and that person was Jo-Jo. She went into another store and bought him some books and stamps and things, and then went over to his house.

"When Penny reached Jo-Jo Alden's house and knocked on the door, Mrs. Alden answered. Penny told her why she was there and then Mrs. Alden asked her to come in. When they were inside, Penny gave the things to Jo-Jo. He was so happy, he didn't know what to say. He took them and patted the books as if they were alive. It made Penny feel good to see him so happy. While Jo-Jo was busy, Penny told the whole story from where she won the money up until

(Please turn to page 33)

Micro-Scoops

★ She might be the "Big, Bad Wolfe" to the opposition on the basketball court, but to the undergrads of St. Joseph's, she's a very animated version of a "Mademoiselle cover girl." Meeting her in the hall you get a confused impression of a short, curly feather cut and a violent waving of hands—then a sort of whur and a blur and she is no longer among those present. And although the whole school looks up to her as the sincere and capable Senior class president, to her sister class, the Sophomores, she will always be best known as "My Sister Eileen."

★ We introduce now the younger half of that famous "My Sister and I" combination. She has a strange dislike for the adjective healthy when applied to herself, and declares tragically that her naturally curly, brown hair "shrinks" when it's washed. She herself shrinks, but in another way, at the mention of money, because as treasurer of the U. A. she has a daily session with checks, drafts and receipts. But the business of debits and credits doesn't stop her from stealing into the "rec" for a quick peabody, or writing articles for Loria which center quite naturally about "My Sister, Helen."

★ Have you ever met the girl who possesses God's greatest gift to woman-kind—loquacity?—whose unfailing management at First Friday breakfast earns her the title of the "genius of the percolator?" Have you seen her whip off to chem lab like Henderson's dream in her huge, enveloping rubber apron? Have you heard her vehemently decry the price of oranges, or searchingly inquire the whereabouts of Jean Russell? If you recognize the symptoms then you surely recognize the girl who says with embarrassment, "Don't call me Pag."

★ Jack of all trades—and what's more, she masters them too; which is why "Hig" is called upon to hold some office in just about every school activity. Vice-President of the Junior class, Chairman of the G. A. Committee, Secretary of the Exam Committee and active member of the Religion Committee—these are just a few of the positions which keep her busy when she's not preparing to be a future Social Investigator. She'd also like to do some private investigating of people who talk in the movies. But if this is her pet peeve, then so are clothes, Larry, and the color red, her pet weaknesses. When this five feet six inches of versatility does take "time out" she usually goes to the red leather chair at the end of the hall and settles down comfortably with a book.

★ Freshmen are supposed to be interesting in a way, but when you inadvertently stumble across one who has spent nine weeks in an institution for the feeble-minded—that's unique. For the smart people with the hasty conclusions—she will explain patiently that she merely took care of the inmates, who ranged mentally from infancy to eleven years. And to satisfy the skeptics, she will produce a hand-made handkerchief, a farewell gift from one of her patients. With such an experience as part of her background, this blonde-haired freshman will certainly never have to worry about making herself known to the student body of St. Joseph's.

Scooper . . . Mary Jo Freese



VIEWPOINT

by Irene Toland

My Older Brother

My big brother, who is in the army air corps, came home today on a furlough. It's a sort of celebration because he was just commissioned about a week ago. Its the first time I've seen him since he went in. Don't tell him I told you this, because I don't want him to get stuck on himself, but I never saw him look better. That uniform makes his shoulders look broader than ever. Of course he never was a sissy, even if his hair is red and I did catch him once trying to make the curls stay in place with brilliantine. Since he's been home, we've played football, gone for long walks, boxed, (I even got him to scare off that guy around the corner who's been horning in on my paper route) and no matter how tired I am after all this, he's still fresh enough to take out that shrimp of a black-haired girl he went to high-school with. He says he can do it because the army life has toughened him up.

When he first came home, though, we didn't have so much fun. It seemed that all he wanted to do was sleep late and eat. Mom coddled him terribly, cooking all his favorite dishes whether we liked them or not. I guess it wasn't so bad, though. He would sit around and talk to me about flying. It must be a thrill to cut through those soupy logs, to fly over the highest mountains, or speed across thousands of miles of water with no land in sight and only the shadow of your plane on the water beneath you. My brother can do all that. He must be a pretty brave guy.

You know, tough as he says the army made him, he can still be very gentle. I found that out when I fell and skinned my knees and elbows sliding into home plate. He led me into the house (didn't carry me like a baby and make the boys laugh) and bathed my hurts and bandaged them without one wrong move. When he finished, he clapped me on the shoulder and said, "That'll do, old man," in a way that made me feel almost as good as new.

I guess I've been talking a lot about him, haven't I? Well, it all adds up to this. I think he is the best, funniest, strongest and most gentle guy in the world and the best pal. I'm going to try to be just like him when I grow up.

My Grand Son

My grandson is a newly commissioned officer in the United States Air Corps. As a matter of fact, he is on a furlough this week. The family, including myself, has been making quite an event of it.

He is a striking looking chap, with red hair and a well-set-up figure—a regular portrait of a fighting man. Remembering how he used to exult over every new item of wearing apparel he acquired, from tweed suits to tie-clasps, it was amusing to see him strut in his helmet and trench coat, and point out the virtues of his well-made army uniforms. I pray that the close of the war will see him with us again without any disfiguring wounds or other ill effects.

I know, of course, that the greatest danger will be to his mind and soul. I have seen a bit of war myself and I know that it can make men int. bitter, brutal, brutish things. I do not think the danger is very great for him if he relies on his faith as he does now.

This whole affair of the war, regrettable as it is, has at least taught me a little humility. I find that I must continually remind myself that this young man, so perfect physically and so promising mentally, is the same lad who, a year ago, used to keep me awake nights dancing and playing records with others of his generation. He used to come to me, very occasionally, for a tip to augment his weekly allowance and would insist on doing odd jobs for me. Now he is fighting to protect me and others like me, together with our possessions, while we are unable to fight for ourselves.

I can hear some of the old-heads saying that, after all, they are still young, that they still laugh and sing to the tunes of modern pipers, and that they regard war more as a great adventure than a tragedy. I do not blame these people, for I thought the same until the day my grand-son, in a moment of rare confidence, allowed me a glimpse of the plans formed by himself and a young girl and of the ways they were preparing themselves for their fulfillment—before the war.

Yes, I am proud of my grand-son. I am an old man and I know that I have his respect and love, but I would be almost willing to trade the former for another youth so that I might be just like him.

Choir Boy

by Rose Senese

— — — IF I didn't know you . . .
Walking slowly down this aisle
Freshly scrubbed, and pink as any Cherub .
I wouldn't believe your folded hands
Caress some clean white walls
And leave a silhouette . . .

I wouldn't believe those downcast eyes
Could look with wide eyed eagerness
On mongrel dogs and chocolate cake . . .

The priestly robe and frozen collar
Have given you some new solemnity . . .
I know it's only for a moment . . .
Then you are YOU again . . .



illustration by Evelyn Marzano

ALL NAVY

by Eileen Sutherland

Phil wasn't always a Navy-man. He was much more interested in Army life. When he knew for certain he'd be drafted in a few weeks he began seeking all the information he could get on the Paratroops. Everytime he mentioned the division Anne's heart bailed out of her body. For Phil belonged to Anne just as snow comes with December. She couldn't even remember a Saturday night without him. It had been that long since he'd given her his high-school ring.

After Phil had been accepted in the Naval Reserve, Anne began to think of what his absence would mean for her. That last week before he left for his midshipman's training course they spent every evening on Anne's porch glider. They had so much to plan; so much future to fill with happiness! And they would have that happiness when peace came. Phil was so very sure of it.

Then the letters began. Anne loved to write and now she had plenty of time for it. So she managed one a day for a while. It was nice to feel that when the mail was handed 'round Phil never stood with an empty palm. His answers were half the fun, too, because he could describe technical things so simply that even a mere girl could comprehend.

Of course his girl worried about him. Was he very tired when the day was over? What kind of uniform was he wearing now? That he missed her, she gathered by reading between the lines that asked, "What have you been doing lately?" and "Ken has his sister's picture over his bunk, now. You know, she looks an awful lot like you. Especially around the eyes. He says hers are very blue, too." So he could still see her eyes from way down there!

These two were brave, though, and young enough to keep writing nonsense even when more miles between their letters were added. For Phil left immediately after basic training was completed. The furlough he got then was a nearly-tragic one.

Three whole days belonged to him and to Anne, he told himself. He'd devote as many minutes as he could spare from his family. By the time the train got him home seven hours were already gone. His mother and his father spent the next two hours so that it was none too early when he finally did reach Anne's. Time stopped then for a matter of moments. Swinging in the old glider with her head in the familiar place on his shoulder Phil couldn't feel any difference from the last Saturday night. But that had been three months ago! They didn't talk much; the music from the portable was low and had a remembering quality for both of them. They only wanted to be together, young and carefree again.

As they had planned via letters they picnicked at the lake on Saturday. The air couldn't have been cleaner, nor could the lake have sparkled more brilliantly or maybe they had just never noticed it before. The rain didn't fall until Phil had reached his own house after leaving Anne and the unfinished lunch at hers

It was Anne's suggestion that they go to the movies since her little sister was having a paper-doll party all over the living-room rug. Usually Phil assented readily to such a plan but that night he seemed wretched. His mood bothered Anne. Maybe she shouldn't have worn the white sweater; he always liked her best in blue. Or were Abbott and Costello no longer on his list of favorites? Anne thought of everything finally deciding it was nothing she had done or could undo. A kind of unfamiliar coolness held them both when Phil said good-night and slid home through the rain.

On Sunday he left for his ship and two weeks passed before Anne heard anything at all from him. The sentences were brief and forced. But she decided to ignore the strain and wrote a newsy bit of chatter. Phil's replies came more regularly but they still held a kind of reserve. To break it down Anne finally sent him this petition:

Monday night

Dear Phil,

It could be my imagination but I'm afraid it's not. What's wrong with us, Phil? I guess it goes back to that Saturday night when it rained. You seemed strange then. You didn't even notice that I was wearing those wings on my sweater. Remember the day you bought them? You said the Army was the life for you and you'd only consider the Air Corps or the Paratroops. I felt miserable because, well, there wasn't any war and I thought you were just being reckless. Now, of course, it's different. In a few more months you'll win your wings in the Navy and we'll win the war soon.

Well, I can't say more than that I'm puzzled about your sudden freeze. Can you tell me what it is or must I guess?

Your befuddled,
Anne.

In four days she had his answer. This is the way he put it:

Wednesday night

Dear Anne,

Can I tell you? Boy, will I! It's going to sound stupid I know but you have a better memory than I so maybe you can excuse me. I hope you will because it's very important to me.

You see, Anne, I didn't remember buying you those Army wings. And ever since I have been here at the training station I've been thinking of the day I'll have earned my wings. Of course I meant to give you mine right away. When I walked into your house Saturday night and saw those Army

wings I was caught off guard. You know you had been writing about all the fellows who were going away and so many of them went into the Army that I concluded that some dog had been snaking me.

How about it, Anne? Am I forgiven? And most urgent of all, will you take the wings I'll be able to send you after next Friday? I've wanted you to have them for so long.

Write soon, please.

Yours,
Phil.

P.S. And throw out those Army wings for the sake of peace!

P.E.S.

That seemed to settle things for them very simply. Now, Anne's a Navy-woman with her heart in it.

COME SEVEN, COME ELEVEN

(Continued from page 25)

she had knocked on Mrs. Alden's door.

"Just as if the word were a signal, there was another knock on the door. It was Matilda. She had come to give Mrs. Alden the money,—one hundred dollars, minus five dollars for the hat. Mrs. Alden was overcome. Two surprises in one day! She was, like Jo-Jo, unable to say anything.

"Somehow, in all the fuss, Matilda and Penny were introduced. They found out they had both been winners last Tuesday night at the Bingo. What was more important, Penny found out that Matilda had the hat that she wanted so badly. Well, Deborah, they were all overjoyed that day. I can just picture the scene in my mind. You see, Jo-Jo was happy because of his presents, and Mrs. Alden was very happy because she received the much-needed money. Then too Matilda was happy from the joy of giving and because she had satisfied her whim. Land's sakes, Deborah, they must've had a high old time! At least Mary Carroll told me they did and I believe every word of it,—every word! What's that?—I didn't mention why Penny was Happy? Well, I guess she was every bit as happy as the rest of them because she made Jo-Jo happy and because—wait 'til you hear this! Matilda gave her the green hat—red feather and all! I guess about everyone in town knows the story by now. However, I think I'll leave you here to your knittin' for a spell, while I go next door an' see if Miss Prism's heard it. If she hasn't, I'll tell her. I think it's too good to let pass. Besides, if I don't tell her, someone else will. 'Bye now. I'll see you in a little while.'"

Valse Triste

*If my words have been music,
Symphony-Melody,
Perhaps you would have stirred
And put aside your book.*

*If my words had been starlight,
Glistening,—Gay,
Perhaps you would have turned
And looked from the window.*

*If my words had been rain,
Whispering-Teasing
Perhaps you would have laughed
And run out to hear it.*

*Still I know
If my words had been music
You would have covered your ears.
If my words had been starlight
You would have pulled down the blind.
If my words had been rain
You would have stayed by the fire.
No matter what my words had been
You never would have heard
Because
You never would have listened.*

Rose Senese, '44

PLAINLY UP TO US

(Continued from page 7)

Then Ruthie jumped up. "I have to open some more coke bottles," she said "Come help me, Cliff," and she smiled down at him.

You could see one girl telegraphing to another, "He'll ask her now. He'll have to to ask her now." Cliff stood up slowly. I looked at Annie and signaled desperately. Annie took a huge drink of coke, and began to choke.

In a moment both Cliff and Marilyn were upon her, pounding her vigorously on the back. She managed to escape, and disappeared into the kitchen leaving Marilyn and Cliff practically holding hands. I lingered a moment to see if I were needed, but I wasn't. Marilyn had the situation under control. So I followed Annie out to the kitchen to administer First Aid.

BOWLED OVER

(Continued from page 19)

Bowling is all you've wanted for utter relaxation. You take up a ball, put your three fingers in its three holes, take a slight aim, and toss the ball gently at the pinboy. Of course, it is essential that you take your fingers out of the holes as you throw the ball. It does not facilitate matters to leave them in. Never be discouraged. Laugh at your low scores—everyone else laughs at them. Remember that when bigger and better strikes are made, you'll always be there to keep score.

Autumn

*I walked into the forest,
And with every step I trod,
Found myself more deeply stunned
By Autumn's miracle of God.*

Marguerite McGuire

Honorable Mention

- Fontbonne with its new low-slung chairs, downy cushions, miniature tables. Drapes with a hint of glamour combine these to provide an inspirational setting for "comp" students.
- The cafeteria which competes with Fontbonne in offering respite from the whirl of classes. The chromium-trimmed, military-red tables and chairs easily lend themselves to informal arrangements and solve seating problems for Class Day and First Friday breakfasts.
- The auditorium. Look for a new contrast in the peach walls and blue velvet curtains to form a soft backdrop for plays, glee-club concerts, and proms. Have you seen the Dramatic Society blueprints for spotlighting PRIDE AND PREJUDICE? With a new battery of "baby spots" they promise startling effects.
- Our Chapel. That rich gold velvet is a perfect backdrop for our daily Exposition. Did you note how it emphasizes the whiteness of the altar?
- The Freshmen—an unpredictable but refreshing group whose initiative has made them more welcome than cherry cokes, and whose harmonizing often charges the "rec" with a new personality.

by Mary Collins and Dolores Hughes

THE WAR POET

(Continued from page 8)

position to contribute something of value.

Also, there is a species of literature which is needed during the war—what we may term "morale literature." This doesn't mean open flag-waving but more a literature that is concerned with the little things that mean so much. For in this does morale consist—in keeping up a vital interest in the beauty of the ordinary elements of life for which we are fighting.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 18)

Befrey wanted to have a parade for Sam. But he had to go to Washington to get a medal. They took donations, and put up a flag on main street. It was white, with "OUR HERO—SAM SEEBERS" written in gold.

Sam's mother wrote and told him about the flag. She said she was glad he was a new man.

Sam wrote back. A postcard. He said he was just the same. Maybe Befrey had changed.

Editorials



Constance Theiss, Editor-in-Chief

★ A matter of great concern to all of the Undergraduates is our position and our duties in this war. The questions uppermost in our minds are: Should we remain in College and complete our courses? Have we a choice, after graduation, of pursuing our professions or of helping the country to win the war? Exactly what is our position in this international conflict?

We have said 'international conflict,' though, once again we are fighting to preserve our own national rights—religious, political, economic and social. We are fighting to preserve the individual . . . so the individuals must unite and fight together. For the duration, we must subjugate all personal desires and ambitions which in any way hinder the commonweal of this and succeeding generations.

As the War Manpower Commission has stated, women in the United States will, in all probability, be drafted in the very near future. We, the Undergraduates of this College, will have to register at the draft boards, and will be assigned to essential work in all of the war industries. It will be a difficult task for many—but a vital one. Years of parental planning, and years of students' specialization will be temporarily sacrificed, so that we may strengthen the home front and devote our time and effort to preparing materials to be used by our Armed Forces on the front lines.

Students of chemistry, mathematics, child psychology, social science, applied psychology—are urged to continue in their own fields. Such students are valuable to the government, not only because they are intellectually equipped but also because they are able to release several, or perhaps many, people for other services.

Many young women are 'signing up' in the women's auxiliaries of the Army and Navy. When sincerity and honesty with oneself are unquestionable . . . when one is convinced that enlisting is the result of true patriotism and an urgent desire to do that which is right . . . then one may be worthy and proud to wear a uniform of the United States Forces. Too often, however, the novelty and the spectacular are the reasons for wearing a uniform . . . a uniform which denotes service and devotion for the love of God and Country.

No general rule can be applied. The individual must, at present, serve in the manner to which he is best suited . . . as undergraduates, let us do our present job well.

C.T.

★ It isn't necessary to elaborate on why girls today seem to be reading more than they were a year ago. We realize that it's not all through choice. In keeping with this increased interest St. Joseph's library has added a number of new books, both fiction and non-fiction. The two volume edition of CHURCH HISTORY by Dom Charles includes a complete account of the liturgy and theological quarrels. The finest recent work in Latin translation is THE CONFESSION of St. Augustine, put out by the Masterpiece a Month Club. If you're interested in foreign parts, you'll enjoy Paul McGuire's WESTWARD THE COURSE and P. E. James' LATIN AMERICA.

In the field of history, you can read about ALEXANDER THE GREAT by L. V. Cummings, or about life in eighteenth century Paris in Meade Minnigerode's MAGNIFICENT COMEDY. Of more modern significance is Yves Simon's ROAD TO VICHY, 1918-1938. For anyone with the problem of a history thesis, try Sherman Kent's WRITING HISTORY. It discusses techniques and how to choose topics. MY FRIEND, FLICKA, the story of a horse by Mary O'Hara, will delight anyone who has found charm in Bambi and Black Beauty. Particularly American is Margaret Leech's REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865, PAUL REVERE by Esther Forbes, and CIVIL SERVICE CAREERS FOR GIRLS, by Carlisle and McFerran. These are only a few of the new books which have been introduced into the library. Look them over, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it at the desk.

A.F.

In Case You Didn't Know

1. EILEEN WOLFE

2. ANITA PAGLIA

3. AGNES FENNELLY

4. MARY HIGGINS

5. EILEEN BARRETT

LOBIA

STAFF

VOLUME XIX, NUMBER 1

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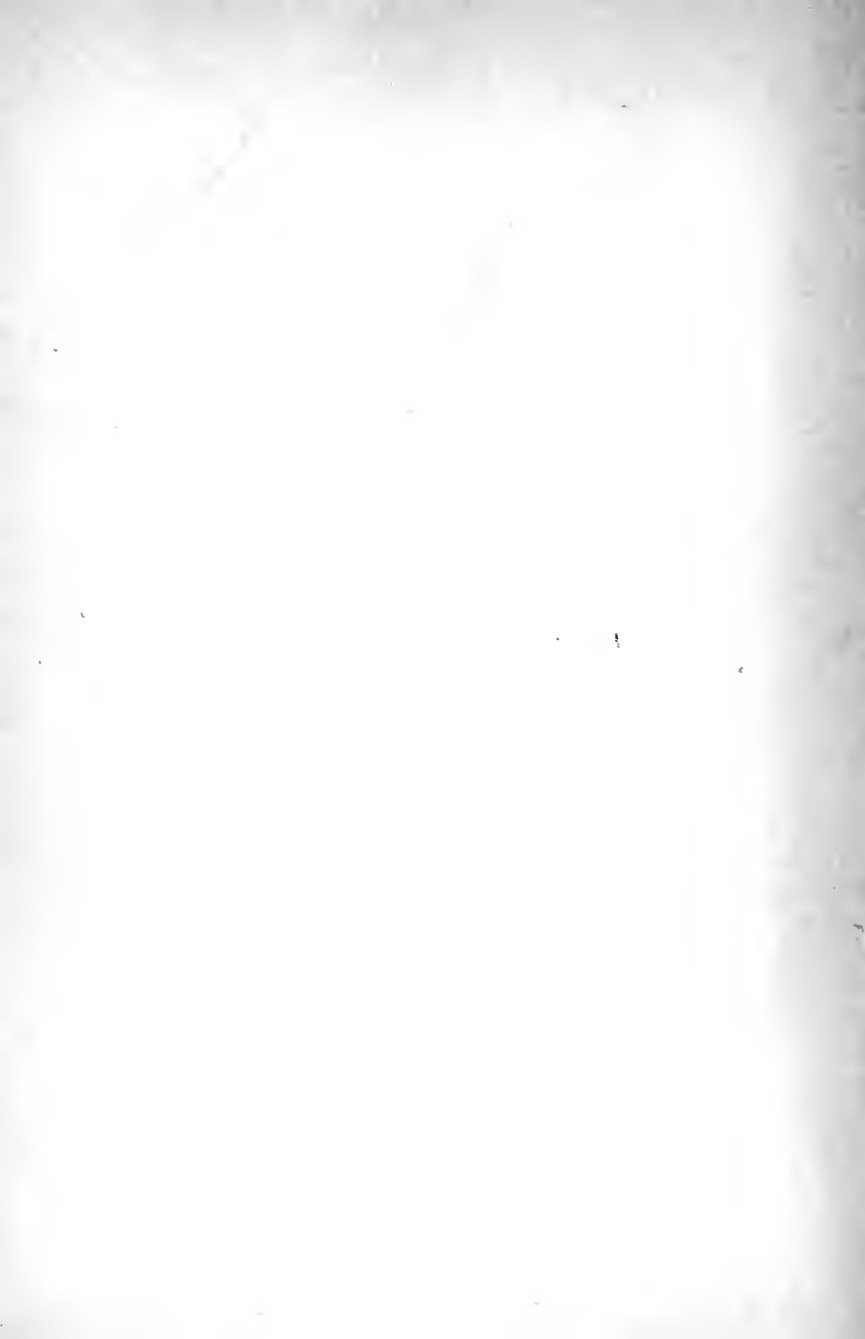
OF

A

Friend









ORIGAMI





LORIA

Christmas 1942

St. Joseph's College for Women



AND there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, there shall be to all the people:

For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will.

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College Motto

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Peace on earth

... to men of good will

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Star Light, Star Bright

by Shirley Dolan

"I'm glad we put the tree over there. Aren't you, Joe?"

"Yes, it looks pretty good, Mary."

"You don't think it is too near the fireplace?"

"No," said Joe hopefully.

"I was thinking that maybe the baby . . ."

"Now look, honey, if I move that tree once more, the baby will be an orphan."

"All right dear," laughed Mary. "Why don't you sit down and rest for a while?"

"You really mean it?" asked Joe.

"Of course. Now sit in this chair. Here's a cigarette and a match."

"Ah! all the comforts of the home you read about."

"Yes and as long as you're amused I'll run upstairs and see if Pinhead's covered."

When Mary entered her room she went straight to the crib. In it lay Pinhead with his fists clenched and the covers at his feet. Gently Mary lifted him up on his pillow. Then when he turned she quickly pulled up the covers. But she was not quick enough. Pinhead turned again. He was dreaming.

"My daddy's a soldier," he murmured. "He flies a big . . ."

With that he settled down. Mary smiled a little. Then she ran downstairs. As she entered the room Joe looked up.

"How is he?"

"Fine. But Joe, I just remembered we forgot the fire engine."

"Where is it?" sighed Joe.

"It's at the foot of the cellar stairs near the coal bin."

"O. K. I'll get it."

"I'll help you."

"No Mary, you'd better finish fixing that stocking."

"All right if you're sure . . ."

"I'll be O. K."

Joe made his way to the cellar and lumbered down the stairs. A few minutes later there was a crash.

"What happened? Did you break the engine?" cried Mary.

"No, it's O. K."

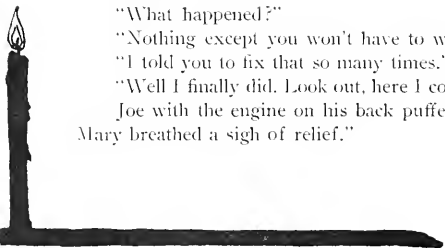
"What happened?"

"Nothing except you won't have to worry about that bottom step anymore."

"I told you to fix that so many times."

"Well I finally did. Look out, here I come."

Joe with the engine on his back puffed up the stairs and just about made it. Mary breathed a sigh of relief.



"As a reward for my labor . . ."

"No Joe, you'll break it."

"So I'll push it into the living room."

"You'd better put it right in front of the tree. Pinhead will look for that first thing tomorrow morning."

"Just as you say, honey but . . . what about these ladders."

"He has to have those ladders, Joe. That's why he wanted the engine."

"With a mind that works like that, I guess he'll grow up to be a general." laughed Joe.

"After all Joe it's Christmas and he's only two."

"I guess you're right, Mary. For on second thought he might be a marine."

"I don't like the way you said that, Mr. Jones. Why did you say it?"

"Well I was just looking at this place and I can't figure out where we found the space to put the tree."

"Joe Jones you know as well . . ."

"Sure I do honey. How about giving your handsome husband a kiss?"

"Trying to bribe . . ."

Mary stopped when she saw Joe glancing at his watch.

"Is it almost time?" she asked.

As his answer, Joe took her into his arms and kissed her quietly.

"Merry Christmas, Dearest," he said.

"Merry Christmas, darling. Do you . . .?"

"You know Mary I'm an awfully lucky guy to have this furlough at Christmas time."

"Yes dear, but . . ."

"I'd be the luckiest guy in the world if only . . ."

"If only what?"

"If only I could be sure that the star on the top of my tree was straight."

"Oh Joe!"

"I'm not kidding honey. Would you fix it."

"Certainly if it will make you any happier."

"Come on then, stand on this chair. Are you O. K.?"

"O. K."

Joe moved back toward the doorway.

"Have you a good grip on that star, Mary?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well hold on to it darling, till I get back."



THE CHRISTMAS LITURGY

by Margaret Jokiel and Dorothy Dolan



BEFORE people thought of beginning the New Year with laughter and gaiety, the Church had placed Christmas, her most joyous feast, at the head of the Liturgical Calendar. Just as January and July determine the commencement of the fiscal year, so Christmas and Easter are the two poles about which the Church revolves her Liturgical year. On the first Sunday of Advent the Christmas cycle begins, and is not ended until Septuagesima Sunday, usually six weeks after the Epiphany.

But the Season of Advent precedes our feast of joy not so much in sorrow as in hope and penance. The period of anticipation of the Saviour's arrival requires preparation in prayer, in fasting and in sacrifice; thus for four thousand years the Jews awaited their Redemption. The modern equivalent, a mere four weeks, is symbolic of this period.

Her Liturgy is indicative of this penitential preparation. The priest dons violet robes. The GLORIA is omitted from the Mass. Flowers and music are temporarily absent. Weddings are not performed with pomp in keeping with this sombre tone.

At last the Church is ready for the Birth of the Redeemer. But why December 25th? At the time when Christ was born, Dec. 25th was the day on which the pagan feast of the "Unconquered Sun," one of the most popular, was celebrated. The Church, to keep the Christians from attending this feast, made December 25th the feast of the Incarnation, a day of great celebration and merited rejoicing.

At once a drastic change becomes evident in the Church proper, in the decorations, and in the Mass itself. Sparkling white or regal gold replaces dull purple in the chasuble, the maniple and the tabernacle curtain. Vivid poinsettias and tall Christmas trees usually cover the Altar. Again, in adopting the Christmas tree, the Church has utilized and Christianized a pagan custom. The tree becomes a symbol of good will dedicated to the Light of the World in the sense of a greeting to an honored guest—in this case, Christ.

Both as a decoration and as a recollection, the Crib forms an essential part of the Christmas scheme. To St. Francis of Assisi is attributed the origin of the crib. The custom was inaugurated in the 13th Century and is still prevalent at Church and in the home. The crib is usually put up on Christmas Eve and taken down after the Epiphany.

Within this period, the "three births" of Christ are celebrated. The Midnight Mass represents the actual birth of Christ; the Mass at dawn, His Birth to the Shepherds. His last "Birth," before the Magi, symbolizes His being made known to

Please turn to page 40

The Hostler

Wherefore this waste of finest fare?

The shepherd is not more than stranger,

And why, with all the world in want,

Will Manna condescend to manger?

Against the lavish of my hearth,

This luxury that beggars fable,

Who would have thought a God could pass,

A King go castling to a stable?

While I take Misery to board,

In soul unsate and heart despairing,

Must all my splendor still go down

To assen bray and oxen staring.'

Or may I merely lift the latch,

Lower the lintel, bare the rafter

To have this Christ for crust and cup

This Maid for grace before and after.'

S. M. L.



LETTER ALONE

by *Helen Brancato*

October 1, 1942

Dear Room 178,

"And so gentlemen of the jury I place my case before you" . . . That is really the only way I can think of to start this introductory epistle. My roommate, a nice chap in a way, (only he doesn't weigh much) *dared* me to write to "any old girl" at Marycliffe and start up a friendship.

Tradition says that no man at Spring Hill has ever been known to decline a dare, so my boldness at approaching a feminine college student via the mails is absolutely unavoidable.

Well! now that we're old friends I can let up on formalities. I'm a senior here at Spring Hill—after ten long hard years—and make believe I don't like it. You'd never mistake me for Gable but I'm six feet tall, 170 pounds, brown eyes and dark hair. I prefer blondes, brunettes, redheads and inbetweens but they must be from five to six feet tall. All others are off the list.

Had a sister who graduated from Marycliffe in '39 so I know quite a bit about the "dearest college." When I'm not here at school I live with my family (of all people) in Virginia. Yo' all mus come an' visit us som'time.

I enjoy any sport and am part owner of a '33 Ford. (Don't ask which part . . . it's not the tires. As a matter of fact there aren't any tires.)

Please answer this letter promptly as a beautiful friendship depends upon it.

Loyally,

Rm. 178.

* * * * *

Oct. 5, 1942

Room 178,

How "dare" you insinuate that I should tolerate the likes and acquaintance of you. Simply using me to save *your* honor and Spring Hill's tradition!! Why, why no respectable Marycliffe Junior whose home is in Connecticut and who adores formals, crew cuts and mocassins would even condescend to write to such an affronting and ingenuous young male.

Besides I don't like Fords and after re-reading your letter I've decided it looks like Eddie Cantor—mostly "eves."

Hatefully,

Rm. 178, M.C. '44.

* * * * *

Dear Room-the-same-as-mine,

I was wondering why the postman who delivered your letter had frost-bitten hands. After reading it I knew—Brr!!

My first attempt at this venture seems to have been a failure but we Southerners must carry on, you know.

Perhaps your next answer will be a little better—it couldn't be any worse . . .

Until next time,

Room 178,

* * * * *

18 more days 'till Hallowe'en

Dear Room 178,

So, now you don't like my writing. If my vocabulary is too copious for your diminutive understanding, I shall endeavor to articulate more coherently.

Okay—a truce! I hate fighting with people, especially when I don't know them. My roommate has convinced me I ought to be more amicable to Spring Hill men anyway.

Just so you won't think I wear horn-rimmed glasses and carry an encyclopedia around with me on account of the big words I've been using, I'll tell you that I'm 5 ft. 5, light hair and blue eyes. Even Clare (my R.M.) doesn't know my weight. Like nothing better than a football game or week-ends at home. Have a crush on my thirteen year old brother and hate to get up early. Adore Keats and can't wait 'till I'm a Senior.

Lights out in a few minutes so I'll run along for now.

Collegiately yours,

178 at M.C.

* * * * *

Nov. 1, 1942

Chère petite fille,—

I'm glad to see you like Keats. It makes me happy to see a woman wot still likes children.

Bob (that man I live with) would like me to introduce him to Clare (that woman who lives with you). "Bob, this is Clare, 178's roommate." Alas, my duty is done—my blessings, little children.

Speaking of games (or have I mentioned football before this?) if you promise to be a real good girl and buy your defense stamp every day, I'll meet you before the Spring Hill-N.Y.U. game. After these long days and weeks of correspondence we shall at last meet. It will probably be love at first fright. The Astor seems to be the general meeting place so if you can get there about twelve noon it's going to be a fight to see who gets the biggest shock. Poor you!!!!

Well, writing paper is expensive, friend, especially when it comes out of one's own allowance, so I'll cut this short.

Until you write any old time before tomorrow, fair Juliet

Rm. 178

* * * * *



Nov. 6, 1942
Is it or is it not Friday?

Fellow occupant of 178,

My roommate is more than pleased at meeting Bob. She says that she thinks she's met him somewhere before—his face is veddly familiar. You know Clare has a brother at Spring Hill, but he's only a Soph so I don't suppose you *Seniors* would know him.

Jumping saddle shoes. I can't believe that I'm going to meet my phantom writer. Look, I'll wear a leopard coat and gold hat, if it's any help.

Comes a time in every girl's life when she must study and I'm afraid that time has come.

'Till Saturday—
Luv and lollypops.
Me M.C. '44

* * * * *

Nov. 15, 1942

Room 178
Marycliffe
Scarsdale, New York.

HURT LEG IN PRACTICE YESTERDAY STOP UNABLE TO GET TO
NEW YORK STOP SORRY WILL WRITE LATER STOP
PETER

* * * * *

Nov. 18—same year

Dear 'Peter',

I assume that you *are* Peter, but that's all that I'm assuming. I expect the rest to be written in no mixed up terms.

I'm dreadfully sorry that you hurt your leg—of course we'll be able to meet some other time—maybe at the President's fourth inaugural into office. But anyhow—

Don't worry about my coat and hat, a leopard never changes spots.

Very sincerely,

Carol (that's me)

* * * * *

11-21-42

Dear 'Carol',

No one was more disappointed than I at my inability to get to New York last week-end. I had to have a few stitches taken in my left leg—one of the boys got playful in practice—sew what? Now truthfully, you wouldn't have cared to go with a cripple, would you?

Everytime I re-read your letter (?) I try to figure out whether it's sarcastic or I'm just self-conscious. Everything happens to me.

And to make matters worse even the weather is furious. Looks as if we're going to have a gasoline flood—you know, a "tydol" wave.

Look, comrade, we're having a Senior Prom down here Sat., Jan. 9, 1943 and

I thought maybe we could introduce ourselves to each other at that—no pneumonia or broken arms, I promise—it's rather unconventional, me asking you and all that but here's one time when a Soph might come in handy. If Clare's brother would put in a good word to your parents it might help.

Anyhow, think it over and let me know before the 8th. After that it will be kinda hard to get another date.

Have to scuffle over and study now.

Just,

Peter.

* * * * *

In the Tea Room
11-28-42

Dear Pierre,

Just came back from the P. O. Got a letter from home, one from Fort Devens, and yours. Such popularity must be, well it must just be.

You know, I picked pretty good parents when I was born, but I don't know if they're good enough to let their only feminine offspring travel all the way down to Washington on those horrible trains. Besides even if they let me maybe the Government won't. But since Clare's brother is there, and since I have your Hemingway manuscripts to vouch for you we'll see—

I'm glad I have the Christmas holidays to super-salestalk the folks. I see by the papers that West Virginia nipped Spring Hill by one or twenty points—too bad—too bad.

Until further gossip presents itself, I am

Carol,

M. C. '44.

* * * * *

Dec. 16, 1942

Dear Song,

(All songs this time of year are carols anyway).

I can write today with an unburdened heart—exams are over, Christmas is coming and so are you, or are you?

Just in case you are, I'll meet you at the Union Station in Washington, January 8th at 5:30 P.M. That means you take the 12:30 train from Penn Station. O.K.?

The way I figger it, the quicker I send this, the quicker you get it and the quicker I get an answer, so why waste any more time. See you in the funnies—

Peter.

* * * * *

December 19, 1942

Dear Blitzen,

I feel so gay—so joyous. It's marvelous what a little snow and bits of holly can do for you. Besides I'm going home tomorrow—seems like year since I've said 'Hello' to the folks and that kid brother of mine.

Clare saved up her cuts till yesterday and took them then. Left on the 5:20 train for Ohio and her love.

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THEY'RE ENCHANTING

by Jean Goubeaud



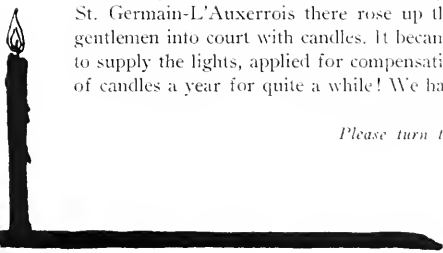
WHAT are they? The silent symbols of prayer, pleasure and peace we see at weddings, banquets, funerals, birthdays, and Benediction? There are so many kinds, volumes could be written about them; but Candles tell their own story. The pageant of their history is as beautiful and inspiring as Flame itself.

In ancient times, when the early saints lived in the Catacombs, they used candles and tapers to light their way through the depths of the earth. Later on, when the Christians could proclaim their religion to the world, they retained the practice of lighting candles for the martyrs who had died for their Faith. Unchanging as she is, the Church still finds inspiration in the symbolism of Candles. For most of us, candles on the altar are simply additions to its beauty and dignity. But there is a story behind each light, even behind the wax from which the light is made. There is an old old legend about the use of beeswax for candles. People say that bees derive their origin from Paradise and are especially blessed by the Almighty. In reality, beeswax is used because it is made by virgin bees from the fairest flowers of the earth; and is, therefore, a figure of the pure body of Jesus, born to the Virgin Mary, the fairest flower of the human race. One candle standing alone is actually the symbol of the Unity of God, two remind us of the two natures of Christ, and three signify the three persons of God. As light dispels darkness, so candles dispel the supernatural darkness and light our way to Paradise. Probably few of us have ever realized how fascinating and grand a history lies behind the lights that humbly shine before the tabernacle.

Candles have had a very varied history. Dignity is certainly not their only use. Until recently there survived in France an old method of conducting auctions by means of candles. The auctioneer gathered a bunch of small candles, and as a bid was made, he lighted one of them. If no one else bid before the candle went out, the first bidder received the prize. If, however, someone else did bid, a new candle was lighted and business proceeded as before. The men who sell at auctions today might well appreciate the economy on nerves and larynx provided by the use of candles.

In the Court of Henry IV candles were used lavishly for all ceremonies. For a time they were an important item in the yearly expense of running the palace. In St. Germain-L'Auxerrois there rose up the custom of lighting the way of legal gentlemen into court with candles. It became so expensive that the police, who had to supply the lights, applied for compensation—and received three hundred pounds of candles a year for quite a while! We have often pictured banquets of old, with

Please turn to page 35



Doggerel Noel

by W. Whifflepouf



*A holly wreath and a winter scene
On parchment card is a sight supreme
But, you, my dear, you pick—oh so rare
(And how does it fit in a scene so fair?)
THAT DOG!*

*That gay old card with the big red bow
And snow-trimmed house with the windows aglow,
The sleigh-bells, snow-balls and large blue stars
Will pass—but there in the middle— it jars
THAT DOG!*

*Those Christmas card dogs never look quite right
They're much too dressed for a genuine fight
I've racked my brain for a simple reason—
How does it fit in the Christmas season
THAT DOG!*

*Last June you strutted a dog on rope
I followed meekly with very fond hope
That come Christmas time your fad well abated
Would - - - what's this? After I've waited
THAT DOG!*

illustration by Una Woods



THE TOMBOY PRINCESS

by Mary McHenry



JOAN BRADY, aged six, busily traced C-A-T, R-A-T, M-A-T, in her notebook. Her mind however, was on other things. She watched Jimmy Carroll painting a beautiful blue elephant in his color book, and she wished more than anything in the world—to be a boy—like Jimmy—to paint blue elephants on Tuesday's and play marbles after school. Sister reminded her of the notebook, and Joan went back to C-A-T determined to write Santa Claus for trains—that would show them all she was good enough to play with the boys. That would show them.

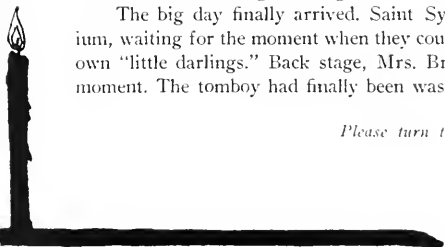
If Joan thought she had a problem on her hands, she certainly didn't have a thing on her mother. Mrs. Brady was the mother of four girls, three girls really, Joan wasn't a boy, but she wasn't a girl either! It was almost enough to break a mother's heart—to have a lovely little girl with long blond hair and bright brown eyes—who didn't want to be one! At the moment the child's highest ambition was to be a garbage man, or a garbage woman, if conventions would persist. Mrs. Brady hadn't been schooled in Child Psychology, and she didn't give a care about the "attention span" and "negative state" of a six year old—so she decided action must be taken. She wasn't going to sit around and wait for this china doll of hers to become a little lady—it was going to happen, but soon!

So the very afternoon that Joan looked with envy on Jimmy Carroll's elephants, Mrs. Brady and Sister Mary of Lourdes worked on a plot to turn the duckling into a swan in one easy lesson. Sister said that since Joan was gifted with an unusual memory, she would appeal to her vanity and give the child the role of the Princess in the annual school play. Joan would not be a princess because princesses were blond and beautiful, but because the part must be given to someone with a good memory. The power of Psychology was being tested, and Sister kept her fingers crossed for the results.

Joan was elated at her debut. To be the girl with the best memory was really an honor. It was almost as good as being the boy with the best memory, almost. There was much elation and preparation on the part of Mrs. Brady. She went ahead sewing pink tulle skirts and dying pink satin shoes as she praised her daughter on the merits of her memory. This was to be a great decision—if it failed, she must wait with anxious heart till her tomboy grew into a lady, into a lady who had not known the loveliness of being a little girl.

The big day finally arrived. Saint Sylvester's parishoners filled the auditorium, waiting for the moment when they could gaze with pride on the talents of their own "little darlings." Back stage, Mrs. Brady helped Joan get ready for her big moment. The tomboy had finally been washed and brushed to perfection, and she

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Inspirationed

by

Irene Toland



Well, here I am.
Before me—white paper,
Nice white paper with pretty blue lines.
In my hand—a pencil,
A long, yellow, dignified pencil,
With a sharp point.
Above my shoulders—a head,
A head with broken hair and no thoughts.
No thoughts—not even one.
(Once I had a thought.
I don't know what I did with it.)
On my desk—a dictionary,
A dictionary with thousands of words,
Thousands of them.
And I can't scrape together fifteen hundred
Even fifteen hundred,
Only fifteen hundred for a story.
Yet, if I had a story,
One little, bit of a story,
What would happen?
The lady with the blue pencil,
(Short blue pencil,
Cold blue pencil,
Critical, merciless blue pencil)
Would mark it up!
Cross it out!
Delete it!
Encircle it!
Laugh at it,
And reject it.
All this—if I had a story.
But I haven't.
I haven't a story.
I haven't a thought.
Not a thought to put into print.
Not a thought to type on a type-writer
If I could type,
Which I can't.
Only my dictionary,
My dictionary and yellow pencil,
My pencil and nice white paper,
White paper with blue lines
Exist.

If I could only think.
Think, think, think.
But I can't.

I'm tired.
Very tired.
Tired and yawning.
I rest my head
(Heavy head, aching head, empty head)
On the desk.
Shhhhhh.
I am asleep.



Christmas Eve At Our House

by Cecile Mills



HERE is something sad about a house with no Christmas tree in it at Christmastime. But sometimes I think there is nothing sadder than our house with one. Perhaps sad isn't the word—mad would be more like it, meaning insane.

The whole trouble, of course, lies with Mother. Mother has a complex about Christmas trees.

Take last Christmas Eve for instance. That day and evening illustrate more clearly than anything else what I mean about Mother and Christmas trees. It was about the nadir of days in our house and will not soon be forgotten. That is—until this Christmas which will be calm and collected—we like to think. Every year Mother says that we "will not have another day like this." And, naturally, every year we do.

Last Christmas Eve, Toby, the baby, broke his wrist in the mince pie, the turkey spent most of the time on the kitchen floor due to a slight defect in the oven, and my oldest sister announced her engagement. All of which merely marks out the high spots of the merrymaking that went on.

There were also "incidents," shall we say.

Daddy came home from the Christmas Party at the office about four o'clock and stood at the door looking at us all with a gleeful smile. "Well, well, well, well," was all he said.

Mother, as can be easily understood, was not at all fascinated by this pose and made no bones about it. But Dad was not to be discouraged; he merely smiled some more and told Mother how beautiful she looked.

It was then, I believe, that Mother began about the Christmas tree.

After a quick glance at the head of the house Mother decided to trim the tree. Every year Mother has decided this and every year we protest. But she always wins out and now I will tell you how it is done.

There is the preliminary course-laying. This consists of Mother, hands-on-hips, standing in the center of the living room thinking. Everyone mills around aimlessly and offers suggestions for a few minutes. Then suddenly something clicks and the living room becomes a veritable bee-hive of activity.

"I'll put it there," decides Mother, "don't you think?"

Without waiting for an answer she hastens over to the corner of the large and heavy rug with that I'll-do-it-myself attitude and begins heaving the rug around. We all hasten after her protesting and roll the rug up ourselves.

Before we are fairly disentangled from each other's feet there is usually a loud crash from the cellar. In the omnous and settling silence that follows we are quiet.

"Well,—" says Father, "do something."

Before we can even move, a voice comes from the cellar.

"I can manage. It's all right. Just come and get this cat out of here."

"The stepladder," we gasp and streak for the cellar where Mother, the ladder, and Rip, the cat, are having a free-for-all.

Finally all is ready, the stage is set and life begins to go on again. The ornament box is dusted off, there is twine, a hammer, a stand for the tree and a pad to go beneath it all in the same room. And, of course the Christmas tree lights are there.

Christmas Tree Lights, as anyone knows, do not bear discussion. As a matter of fact, they hardly bear looking at before five at least go out at once. But we have our best time putting them on in the beginning.

By now, the tree is in place. The last bit of lop-sidedness has been eliminated and the bare parts are well hidden. The next step is the lighting of it all. This is Mother's heaven. I often think that she perhaps secretly nurtures a desire to be an electrician. Such a thing is not inconceivable if anything may be judged by the gleam in her eye as she sets to work on anything connected with electric lights.

As we all stand off to admire the tree and have Father point out to us what a splendid job he did picking out the tree, Mother drags the ladder close to it and climbs up—on the ladder, of course.

*illustration by
the author*



This is a risky procedure and is accompanied by many gasps, screams and outchings. But, of course, no one else could do it.

"I'm all right," she keeps repeating. One would hardly suspect it if they didn't know about Mother and ladders. She almost never falls off.

Having gained the top most rung of the ladder she turns to us accusingly. "Well? Where are the lights?"

She then proceeds to lean over at a 45 degree angle and take them from our outstretched hands. That is one of the family mysteries—Mother's inner ear. Her balance, at times is that of the practiced gymnast.

With much murmuring and talking from us, the bystanders, Mother arranges the lights. Periodically, of course, she will lean too far one way or the other and then teeter grandly on the ladder. But a recovery of balance is inevitable and Mother will say, "*W'hat* are you so nervous about? You'd think I . . . OOPS," and she will clutch the topmost branch of the tree to save herself from a horrible fall. Father moans and wipes his brow.

Finally the ordeal ends and Mother is once more among us, safe and happy. Now we have to plug the lights in the wall. Last year while we were all having a few moments of admiration with Mother over her artistic ability in tree lighting, young Toby glibly started to plug the light socket in.

"My child!!" shouted Mother dashing toward him. "Suppose there was a short circuit, or something," she said to us as though we had egged the child on to perform the horrible act.

We had no time to defend ourselves, however, for almost immediately there was a blinding flash and a loud PHTTT-T-T-T-tt sound. When the smoke had cleared away it revealed our dear Mother standing near the socket with her finger in her mouth. She was peering intently at the socket. "Now I wonder what caused that. Get me a screw driver." The gleam was in her eye.

We got the screw driver and discovered that the moment it was placed near the socket there was an unmistakable sound of static.

"Hmmm," said Mother. "Hum."

"I am going to call the electrician," shouted Father firmly. "I have had about enough of this nonsense."

This is an obscure remark in view of the events that certainly had had no nonsense about them. But Father is a man of action and he called the electrician.

Mother remained at her post poking and prying with the screw driver, absolutely intrigued with the mysteries of electricity. We were helpless to stop her and all we could do was pray that something would happen to divert her. In our house something usually happens.

As I said before, last year my oldest sister announced her engagement. It was about the most diverting thing that ever happened to us in view of the fact that she announced it then and there in a heroic attempt to save Mother from possible electrocution or at best first degree burns.

It was a fully successful attempt since when the electrician came to fix the plug Mother merely looked at the man for a moment and then started to cry. "Merry Christmas," she gulped, "*W'hat* electric plug?"

European Prayer

by Cathleen A. Neary

Dear little Infant Christ! this year

No bells may peal Thy birth:

Howe like the time when Thou didst come

Unheralded to earth

No gentle light may touch Thy face

Or gild its tranquil glow;

No chorus louder than the silent

Tribute of the snow.

But now the inns that shut Thee out

To ashen ruins fall.

Wilt Thou not to Thy sheltered cave

Their sinful dwellers call?

Then come once more, O Prince of Peace,

To calm the helpless cries

Of a world where all are blinded

Save the shepherds and the wise.

MICRO-SCOOPS

It is granted that Shakespeare still offers a wide range of interpretation, but when some one comes up with the amazing theory that it was Juliet who did the proposing to Romeo, that really upsets a few cherished illusions. If you've never seen the author of this theory perusing her volumes of W. S., you probably remember her sitting down in the locker room, cajoling, pleading, threatening the student body for the best interests of Footprints. As circulation manager last year, she boosted the sales considerably, and she's ready again this term with the familiar cry, "Bring your quarter for Footprints—"

Everyone remembers how wonderful the Fall Dance decorations looked, both in the auditorium and in the "rec." So we decided to scoop the girl who created the autumn-ish effects. Decorating, we discovered, is just a side-line with this blonde-haired Soph. She not only sews her own clothes by hand, but designs them herself, and has even designed some of her own shoes. All of which should make her quite serene and undisturbed about the proposed "freeze" on materials and styles. Her creative ability doesn't stop here, but crops up, either during or after class, in an outburst of poetry, such as her delightful "Parable of the Senior and the Freshman."

She's never serious for more than five seconds at a time—except when her fingers glide across a keyboard, and then she can make a piano do everything but talk. Even at that, she can strike the lighter mood, as witness her classical version of that magnum opus, "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." Always insists she can't really play, then proceeds to accompany almost every musical program at the college in addition to playing the organ for daily benediction. If she had a dollar for each time she has played the Alma Mater songs, she could probably retire. But would she want to,— why where's the excitement in that?

Her pet peeves are people who tell her she has a "baby face"—on the other hand, her pet weakness is basketball. And it's the team's pet weakness when they watch one of her one-handed long shots just glide through the hoop. She keeps a sharpened lead pencil in readiness for those A.A. meetings when, as secretary, she takes the attendance of its two hundred and two members. Small roller hats and long pearls are her forte. A former "rec"-room addict, she now claims that she spends so much time in the library that she expects to be drawn into the new floor plan.

They call her "Mr. four by nine"—which is just another way of saying that her hat is only four feet, nine inches above her shoes. Although she looks tiny enough to be in grammar school, she is a freshman who will be classified as a Junior next year. Lest that should discourage poor struggling Sophs, be it known that

she has taken courses at Fordham prior to coming here! and she lacked just two points required for Freshman year. But we're glad to welcome this new Sophomore,—er, rather Junior,—I mean Freshman,—well anyhow, whatever her status, we're glad she's a part of the U. A. of St. Joseph's.

Who can stand up at G. A. and make an announcement that can be understood without visibly straining the eardrums? Who has injected life and action into the Social Service Club? Who combines the best points of an extractor and the Morris Plan to track down material?—or who faces the double hazards of an approaching deadline, and scarcity of material, and still manages to get the magazine to press? Who is in no small way responsible for Loria's present high standing and increased popularity? Who indeed, but that small blonde dynamo, "Ye Ed."

SCOOPER—MARY JO FREESE



SOUNDING BRASS

by Eleanor Cary



ONCE again in our history peace takes on the specific meaning of the cessation of war. Many plans for peace have been proposed. More will be proposed. It is not prophecy but a statement of fact to say that the foundation of a lasting peace must be basic ideals and not a complicated formula.

In accord with our principles of government, public opinion will play an important part in the forming of an ultimate plan. Public opinion which is composed of the reactions of individuals reflects the ethics of those individuals. Therefore in order to bring forth a true plan justice and love must be a vital part of each life.

Christ by his crucifixion broke the barrier between all nations and gave us our standard. Love is the foundation of His life. Charity is the sister of love. As Christians we recognize these ideals. As rational beings we recognize them as the true and practical solution. Are these ideals vital or words which echo as sounding brass?

Synonymous with war is hate. Negative tolerance has been rapidly replacing active charity. Reality has been cast aside and the prescription has sickened the world. Therefore we must clean house or suffer once again the results of sounding brass.



MARY,

You'll never get this because I'm just writing for my own benefit . . . writing might lift the tension . . . I can't sit and do nothing with the air around me bristling with expectation . . . especially now, when we're expecting another visit from those —(what's a word to describe them?) . . . the raids of the past few days have been very heavy and everything is so chaotic . . . so many have been killed . . . so many are dying . . . it's like a horrible unreal dream . . . right now everything seems to be standing still . . . it's probably my reaction to the absence of the explosions and the falling debris of a few hours ago . . . I wonder if what Major Reynolds said is true . . . do they always let up for a while and then come back worse than before . . . this quiet and suspense certainly can tighten up the nerves . . . nothing to do . . . sleep is the remedy prescribed . . . Capt. Whiteman should know that I wouldn't be able to sleep at a time like this . . . what if I had been up all night with that soldier . . . he was so uncomfortable . . . and so bitter . . . I wonder what he was like before the war . . . oh, why must this happen! . . . why must men be changed into such bitter, hard creatures . . . sitting there watching him last night my thoughts went back to "pre-war days" . . . my memories seem to be with me always . . . I thought of how my family thought I was insane to give up my "safe and sensible" job at the hospital to volunteer for foreign service . . . I thought of those evenings in our room in Hilton Hall when we talked over just about everything there is to talk about . . . we certainly looked forward to going home, then, didn't we . . . those vacations, weren't they wonderful . . . Christmas especially, that Christmas of our second year in training, can you ever forget it . . . it's coming near Christmas now . . . I guess it will be a little different from the others . . . my first Christmas away from home . . . it'll seem funny not being with the whole family at home with the usual confusion and controversy . . . I miss a lot of things . . . people, a warm, dry house, movies, theatres, music, walks in quiet woods, sails on the calm, peaceful bay . . . and I miss you . . . when I heard some one talking the other day about wondering if it was all worth it, I thought of all these things and all the good times I've had and I said to myself that you're darn right it's worth it . . . when I see these men brought into the hospital, exhausted and hurt, I feel proud to think that I, who used to feel so useless, can do something to make them a little more comfortable . . . these men who made the sacrifices they did to come out here and fight for their country at the risk of being killed . . . if you were ever to read this you'd probably think I'd changed . . . you never will see it . . . I'll put it in my uniform pocket and maybe, a few days from now I'll find it, read it and think it silly and throw it away . . . but you can never tell where it might end up . . . there's such a strange feeling in the air tonight . . . that familiar drone . . . maybe it's just my imagination . . . but then again . . . maybe I ought to get over to the hospital . . . you can never tell . . .

Elizabeth Ann Eppig

And
there
never was
such a goose
cooked. Bob said
he didn't believe
there ever was such
a goose cooked. Its
tenderness and flavour,
size and cheapness, were
the themes of universal ad-
miration. Eked out by the apple
sauce and mashed potatoes, it
was a sufficient dinner for the
whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Crat-
chit said with great relish (surveying
one small atom of a bone upon the dish)
they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every
one had had enough, and the youngest Crat-
chits in particular, were steeped in sage and
onion to the eyebrows! . . . Hallo! A great deal
of steam! The pudding was out of the copper . . . In
half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but
smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled can-
non-ball so hard and firm blazing in half of half-a-
quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly
stuck into the top At last dinner was all done, the
cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up.
The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect,
apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of
chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the
hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and
at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, Two Tumblers,
and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug,
however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out
with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the grate sputtered and
cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "**A MERRY CHRISTMAS** to us all, my dears.
God bless us!" Which
all the family reecho-
ed. "God bless us
everyone!" said Tiny
Tim, the last of all.

From "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens
Designed By Constance Theiss

A Favor For A Lady

by Rosemary Christmann



He's been just the same for as long as I can remember, sitting upright in his buggy, driving his little brown mare along dusty summer roads. And I can remember ever since I first began to spend my summers with my Uncle, here in the Hollow, when I was only eleven. Things haven't changed much since then; even the General Store at the Corners, across Robbs Creek is the same.

It was there I saw Asel Cutting for the first time. My Aunt and the housekeeper were ordering from a long list, and I was standing tiptoe by the counter, staring up at the big glass jar that held the candy sticks. It's there to this day, that jar, with the narrow sticks of peppermint, licorice, and striped green and pink. I still stand and look at them, trying to decide, and I still take the licorice.

But that day I had never tasted them before, and I had my uncle's penny clutched in my hand. I tried to reach the top of the jar, but it was too high above me. My Aunt was at the other end of the store, deep in conversation with the store keeper, and it was then that I saw Asel Cutting.

He came in and smiled down at me, from his great thin height. Even then his eyebrows were turning grey, but the blue eyes glinting from under them have never dimmed. He smiled his crooked, mischievous smile at me, and I said,

"Please sir, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, would you hand me down a licorice stick?"

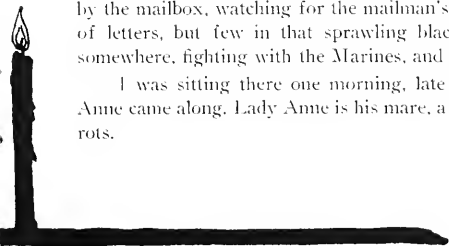
"I sure would," he said. "Nothing is too much trouble, when it's a favor for a lady."

That was long ago. But I know he meant what he said. Nothing was ever too much trouble for him, if it was a lady who asked.

Since then I've seen him every summer, when I've visited at my uncle's. I've loved the summers I've spent here, in Johnny Cake Hollow. They've been the same, year after year. I've helped to bring in the hay. I've watched the sunset from the gate in the back pasture. I've fished for trout in Robb's Creek at sunrise, and I know every dusty turn in every dusty road in the valley.

But this summer, somehow, has been different. I've spent a lot of time sitting by the mailbox, watching for the mailman's dusty blue coupe. There have been lots of letters, but few in that sprawling black handwriting I love. For Jeff is off somewhere, fighting with the Marines, and I don't even know where he is.

I was sitting there one morning, late in July, when Asel Cutting and Lady Anne came along. Lady Anne is his mare, a dainty little animal with a taste for carrots.



"Hello, Mr. Cutting," I said, as I always did. "How are you?"

"Jest percolatin'," replied, as he always did, "Jest percolatin'."

He grinned at me, and I grinned back. "You know," he continued, "I was listening to a Quiz Program t'other night, and they asked this Quiz feller what a rumpus was, and how many people it took to make one. Well, I jest wished I was there, I could have told them the answer to that one. A rumpus is a lot of noise, and it takes one person to make one . . . me." And he picked up the reins from Lady Anne's back, and moved away, chuckling. "Come and see me," he called back over his shoulder.

"I will," I answered.

I did go, a few days later, on a hot, sunny afternoon. The road was dry and dusty, and a lone crow in a dead tree scolded at me as I walked along. I wondered about Asel Cutting as I went, wondered why he had never married. He was everything that a woman would love. He was tall, he must have been good-looking, he had a sense of humor that could see a joke on himself and enjoy it, and he was as gallant a man as I ever met. They tell us that the women of fifty years ago were a sedate crowd, and didn't chase their men. I felt that if I had been a young girl fifty years ago I would have chased my man, and I liked to think I would have gotten him.

Mr. Cutting's house was small, and set in a grove of maple trees. From his front porch there was an excellent view of Graveyard Hill, and the huge white pine that crowned it. He was sitting on the porch as I came along. He bobbed up, and came down the path to meet me.

"I was just thinking," he cried, "that somebody ought to have a barn-dance again. It's duller than dish-water around here."

He led me into his parlour, and sat me down in the little carpet rocking chair.

"Why, Mr. Cutting," I said, "do you dance?"

"Do I?" He cried, "Well, I jest wish I had the pair of legs under me that I used to have," and he disappeared into the kitchen, to get me a glass of grapefruit juice.

Left alone, I stared at the little stuffed chairs, and the antimacassars. It was very quiet in that little room. It belonged to another world, another century.

"Mr. Cutting," I called, "Doesn't it ever get terribly lonely here?"

He came back with the glasses, and handed me one. "Well, it does and it doesn't," he said. "I've got a lot of things stored up to think about, some nice, and some not so nice."

I didn't say anything for awhile, and then I asked.

"May I have another one of those cocoanut cookies, please, if it isn't too much trouble? They're delicious."

He was up in an instant. "Sure thing," he said, and returning, handed me a little plate of cookies with a bow. "Favor for a lady," he said.

"Why are you always so willing to do a favor for a lady?" I asked, with a smile.

"I learned a lesson once," he said, and sat down on the little sofa opposite me.

"She looked kind of like you," he said, after awhile, "little, with the same color hair. Her name was Delora Snowe, but I called her Lory. She was a town girl, and

people thought I was mighty lucky to get her. I thought so, too."

I sat quietly, and after a little pause he went on.

"I lived on a mountain farm, 'bout two miles from her place. I had so many chores to do seemed as if I'd never get to see her in the evening. But when I did it sure was worth it.

"I asked her to marry me while we were on a hayride, with the moon like a silver dollar in the sky. She said she would, come spring, and I was the happiest feller for miles around. I started marking timbers to build her a house, and that winter I began to cut them.

"Delora was a high and mighty sort of miss; she saw her own way, and she wanted it plain. Mostly I let her have it, but sometimes I'd balk her, jest for fun, to make her mad. Only once I went against her wishes 'cause I wanted to. Only once, and I never got another chance.

"It was late in December, must have been after Christmas, 'cause I remember she was wearing the little locket with her name on it that I gave her. I'd been up in the woods, chopping trees, all day, and I was dog tired. My back ached, and my feet were cold. I headed for Delora's house that night, praying her mother had gone to a meeting, and that we could have the evening all to ourselves, 'cept for her father reading out in the kitchen. I thought she could play to me, soft like on her piano, and maybe I could kiss her a few times.

"Well, she met me at the door with, 'Asel, I thought you were never coming.' She had on a bright red dress, and the locket, and her eyes were dancing. 'Oh Asel,' she said, 'we're going skating. The river's all hard again after that little thaw, and Charlie Benjamin has a sled, and we're all going, ever so many of us. We'll stop by your house to get your skates.'

"Now usually there's nothing I like better than a big crowd, and something to do, but that night I was jest about all in. I wanted to be alone with her, with her in one of her dreamy moods, and there she was, sparkling like a fire cracker, and ready to go off any minute.

"'Lory,' I said, 'I'm going home to bed.'

"'But, Asel,' she cried, 'It's a party. Don't you want to go?'

"'Sweetheart,' I said, 'I'm jest as tired as I can be. I've been cutting timbers for our house. But there's no reason why you shouldn't go.'

"She stared at me. 'You mean to say you'd let me go out with someone else, and me engaged to you?' she asked.

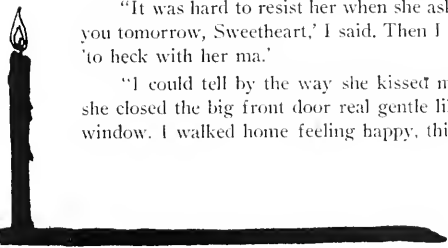
"'There'll be lots of people there,' I chuckled. 'You'll be safe.'

She looked up at me, and her eyes were deep and bright as stars.

"'Oh, but I want you to come, Asel,' she said. 'To please me. As a favor to me, Asel?'

"It was hard to resist her when she asked me like that, but I was tired. 'I'll see you tomorrow, Sweetheart,' I said. Then I grabbed her and kissed her, and thought 'to heck with her ma.'

"I could tell by the way she kissed me back that she wasn't mad at me, and she closed the big front door real gentle like after me, and waved to me from the window. I walked home feeling happy, thinking how pretty she was, and figuring



how to put the staircase into our new house.

"Well, she went skating. Her friend, Mary Berry, told me all about it. It was a beautiful night, dark, and clear, with the stars jest glittering in the sky, and the snow thick all around. There were about ten of them went in Charley Benjamin's sled, down the river to the island.

"The river was in two parts there, of course; the north side was narrow, and pretty deep, but the south side was protected from the winds, and made a fine skating place. The boys built a fire on the shore, and they skated for an hour or so. Then one of the boys said he'd wager anything that not a single girl would dare to skate around the island by herself.

"Well, he reckoned without my Lory. The rest of the girls jest hung back and laughed, but Lory was off, calling something back over her shoulder that nobody could hear.

"Well, Mary Berry didn't like it, and after awhile she got Charley Benjamin to go with her, after Delora.

"It was dark as pitch, away from the fire, with only the starlight on the snow. The north channel of the river was cold and unprotected, and the ice was bad, due to the thaw the week before. Well, Lory'd gone through the ice. They found her, because her skirt had caught on an old stump, near the surface. She'd been near shore when she went through, and the water wasn't very deep, but she was dead.

"She's up there now," he said, quietly, and motioned toward the towering pine on Graveyard Hill. "And that's why I'm single today," he added. "Seems like somehow I just never wanted to marry anybody but Lory."

After a long time he said, "That was the only time I ever said no to a lady."

*illustration by
Mary Powderly*



An Old Family Custom . . .

by Constance Theiss



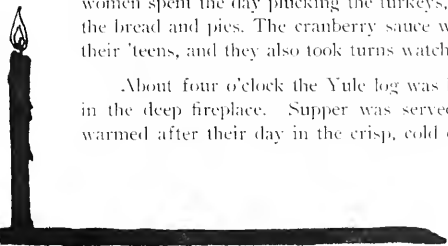
IN 1865, my great grandfather's family had a particularly joyous and festive Christmas. It was soon after the Civil War, and the young men in the family were back home, and had begun to settle down again to a routine life. Two of the boys had wives and each had infants—all-together at Christmas for the first time. One brother had a recent bride—one sister a groom. The family was reunited—the Mother and Father the thirteen children, seven grandchildren, three sons-in-law, and three daughters-in-law. It was a large family—and a happy one.

For the entire family, Advent was a time of preparation for Christmas. Each night, when the young ones were ready for bed, the family would kneel in the dining room and recite the Rosary. Great Grandfather would say the prayers of reparation and thanksgiving, and then suggest the petitions for that particular day. Then his wife would simplify the prayers for the youngsters, and each would pray in his own childish way.

The menfolk retired to the drawing room, and the older girls and women would sit and sew, and plan the gifts, after the children had been settled in their beds. There were giggles and whispered secrets, talk about the house decorations and the Christmas breakfast and dinner . . . and discussion about what they would wear and what time they would get up on Christmas morning. For years the family had awakened at three-thirty on Christmas morn . . . but we are getting ahead of our story.

The day before Christmas, the men went out to bring in the wood for the fires, cut the greens and spruce branches for the decorations, and to cut the pine tree which had been marked months before as the Christmas tree for the drawing-room. The young boys picked up the cones—and often they had to dig into the snow, if they weren't tall enough to reach the low branches of the trees. These cones from the ground were too wet for use more often than not, but the five to ten year-olds were jolly and gay, and the import of their task was that they were with the grown-up men. Until a boy was five, he had to stay at home with the younger girls, and complete the trimmings of colored paper, candy and candles for the tree. The women spent the day plucking the turkeys, rolling the sausage stuffing, and baking the bread and pies. The cranberry sauce was made by the daughters who were in their 'teens, and they also took turns watching the youngsters.

About four o'clock the Yule log was brought in, and a great fire was lighted in the deep fireplace. Supper was served immediately; then the menfolk were warmed after their day in the crisp, cold outdoors, and the children would get to



bed early. But first, Great Grandmother played Christmas hymns on the spinnet, and the children solemnly carried in the stable and the animals, placed them next to the great fireplace (where Great Grandfather's chair always stood and could only be moved by the children at Christmas to make room for the crib) and they placed the animals about the Manger and smoothed the straw. Each year the children made a new figure for the stable, so they now proudly exhibited a cow (its tail seemed to be wagging, and its ears were at an angle which seemed to denote surprise). However, the rest of the family praised the children for their new addition, and after all had recited their evening rosary and prayers the children happily, excitedly, went to bed.

For the next six hours, Great Grandfather and Grandmother and their children, for so they all were to their parents—all worked hard, decorating the tree, wrapping presents, completing preparations for the breakfast, setting the breakfast table and laying out the clothes for the five o'clock Mass in the morning. Gaiety, laughter, reminiscences of past Christmas Eves, hurrying and festivity prevailed that night.

Great Grandfather felt that he had just fallen asleep when he heard the coachman knock at his door. Three-thirty already! He woke Great Grandmother and whispered, "Happy Christmas, my dear. We have a great deal to be thankful to the Babe for to-day. Just think—twenty-four wonderful children to go to Mass with us!"

He went to each door on the second and third floors, tapped, and called—"Merry Christmas, my children. Now hustle and dress. We must leave within the hour."

In a little less than an hour, Great Grandfather and Grandmother stood at the foot of the great staircase, and kissed each child—whatever age—as he or she came down the staircase. Finally, with all assembled, the coachman brought the two sleighs to the door and Great Grandfather climbed to the driver's seat, Great Grandmother proudly next to him. This was one occasion when Great Grandfather insisted upon driving his horses himself. The women and girls and children rode in the sleigh, the oldest boys saddled their horses.

It was dark and quiet as they rode along. Only the light of the lanterns cast a glow on the snowbanked sides of the road, and in the deep blue sky, a few stars glittered. The children were awed, and their silence bespoke their wonderment. The bells on the horses' reins jingled, but only that and the muffled beat of the horses' hoofs and the crunching of the snow beneath the runners of the sleighs, sounded in the early morning darkness.

As they neared the town, you could hear the bells of the Church ringing out their message of cheer. At each house where lights were lit, they peered into the darkness to look for friends and to call out, "Merry Christmas! Call at the house this evening!"

Great Grandfather had to slow his horses when he came into the town. On the road were large families and small families, old couples and young couples, men tipping their morning hats, women waving their muffs to passersby, and then daintily lifting their toes and long, bouffant skirts over the snow-packed road.

They drove up the Church driveway, and alighted from the sleighs. The men hitched their horses to the posts and the oldest son brought his sleigh into the carriage shed, and then his father's. They rejoined the family in the vestibule, and all went into the Church. The Altar was a mass of lighted candles and spruce boughs, and a great glow radiated from the faces of the choir boys, who were grouped about the Manger singing the Christmas hymns. Noel! Noel! At precisely five o'clock, Mass started. The Feast of the Little Babe Jesus! He is born!

All those who were twelve years old or more received Holy Communion. Great Grandfather and Grandmother led the family to the Altar rail—and a little of the joy and happiness of eternity seemed to light their faces as they returned to their kneeling benches and bowed in prayer to the Saviour. A bit of that same joy and happiness—that heavenly glow—was in the eyes of the whole family.

At the end of Mass, the entire congregation joined in singing "Adeste Fideles," and after visiting the Manger, they left the Church. The sky was changing to the gray of dawn, and on the steps of the Church, the spirit of festivity and celebration reigned. Greetings, handshakes, hugs and kisses and holiday chatter filled the air. Invitations were extended and exchanged, and not until the family saw Great Grandfather sitting in the sleigh did they say good-bye and scurry to their places.

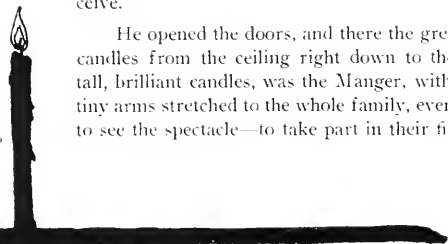
They rode home at a brisk gait, calling back and forth to each other. The children started guessing about their presents and giggling about the gifts they were giving to the adults.

When they arrived home, the girls scrambled out of their velvet coats and capes, put their bonnets and muffs in their proper places, and ran downstairs to beg Great Grandmother to let them see their gifts; but she found a chore for each one, so that serving breakfast could be hastened. The younger boys tried to open the sliding oak doors to the drawing room, but Great Grandmother stopped that, also, and told them to find their places at the table and wait for Great Grandfather.

Finally all were in the dining room. Great Grandfather said Grace and asked god to bless the children, the home, the food and all the gifts which they were to receive that day. Then they sat down and excitedly ate a great breakfast of roast pork, holiday sausage, potatoes, corn muffins, pickled vegetables, coffee and goats' milk for the children. At last Great Grandfather raised his hand to stop the chattering, and he called Nana, the coachman, Mammy, the cook, and all the land hands and househelpers into the room. He walked to the great sliding oak doors, and before opening them, he said:

"Over eighteen hundred years ago, the Christ Child was born. The Kings brought gifts to Him. We ourselves brought our gifts to Him this morning. Now we are going to give gifts to each other, because we like to give as well as to receive."

He opened the doors, and there the great tree stood—glowing with many small candles from the ceiling right down to the floor; and very near it, encircled by tall, brilliant candles, was the Manger, with the Christ Child lying in the hay. His tiny arms stretched to the whole family, even to the two infants who were awakened to see the spectacle—to take part in their first Christmas celebration!



Thumbprints

Reprisal — *Ethel Vance* . . .

✿ The struggle of various individuals in France to stabilize their principles amid the fluctuations attendant upon the German control of that country, is portrayed in *REPRISAL*. The story is basically the personal tragedy of the Galle family, made up of the idealistic but compromising father, the disillusioned son and the sympathetic but sheltered and ineffectual daughter, and although the psychology of the book is not deep, there is an attempt to make the people vehicles for ideas and attitudes representing variations in the French in general.

There is a certain narrative power displayed by Ethel Vance, along with an ability to portray suspense and tension, although the story is not sensationalized and the author does not unnecessarily fulminate against the Germans. In general the tone is quiet and simple, not the studied simplicity of the professional writer, but that which springs from compassion for people oppressed and confused. Only the condemnation of the betrayers of France is blatant and Andre Galle says of the government "It has not solved any dilemma, it has only brought it closer, made it more intricate, more frightful, more hopeless of solution." There is some confusion shown in the working out of the novel, probably because the struggle of the French is too recent for a clear perspective to be set. There are alternate moods of despair and hope. The author depicts scenes and situations in which evil is everywhere rampant and yet she seems to have faith in the underlying goodness of people; at one time she foresees a future of endless struggle, but on the other hand, she concludes her book with the girl Francoise saying, "But they have left us a new thing—hope."

Ethel Vance works out no solution for the titanic problems involved in the one slight intrigue of her book, but she does ultimately arrive at a semblance of mental satisfaction for herself. She seems to feel that though temporarily restrained in their physical and political freedom, the French have a latent spiritual or intellectual force which will remain unconquerable and inextinguishable if fed by faith and loyalty.

E. T.

The Just and The Unjust — *James Couzzens* . . .

✿ This is the story of Abner Coates, a young lawyer in a small town. The main plot is concerned with the struggle within Abner who believes that the price of a successful career is a sacrifice of ethics.

Mr. Couzzens has done a fine piece of realistic writing. It is the best novel that has been turned out in the past fifteen years.

Abner is admirably drawn. The impatience that we sometimes feel towards him



is human reaction when maturity is the solution.

The love element consists of the courtship of Abner and Bonny. The fact that it is a simple courtship instead of a super-charged love affair is not only refreshing but normal.

The book is a mixture of common sense, originality, and good workmanship. If you want something worthwhile, read it.

S. D.

The Raft — *Robert Trumbull . . .*

When their plane crashed in the Pacific, Chief Petty Officer Dixon and his two companions inflated a rubber raft and sailed one thousand miles in thirty-four days. A pocketknife, a pair of pliers and an automatic pistol were their equipment. The tropical sun, the Pacific squalls, lack of food and water were the elements to be conquered. Their hope lay in "a spiritual compulsion, the overpowering drive from inward that makes a man fight for his life against any odds."

Robert Trumbull has written the story as it was told to him by Dixon. The author employs the first person technique with Dixon as the narrator. In his preface Mr. Trumbull states that the purpose of the book is to give an account of the adventures of those three modern marines. The writer not only fulfills this purpose but does a good job. Any flaws in the book may be attributed to the haste necessary in dealing with such a subject at the present time.

Such a voyage of faith and superstition, of hope and despair makes for a powerful tale. It is packed with action and provides an exciting hour well worth your while.

S. D.

They Were Expendable — *W. L. White . . .*

This tale is not White's—it belongs to four naval officers—Lieutenant Commanders Bulkley and Kelly and Ensigns Akers and Cox—all that is left of Motor Boat Squadron 3 which sailed for the Philippines last summer. The major part of the story of the Jap attack and the escorting of MacArthur out of Bataan is told by Kelly. Colorful details are added by the others.

It is the story of expendable persons—men and women who weren't equipped to fight anything but a losing battle and knew it. They struggled nobly in the knowledge that they were being expended to save time.

The book is direct dialogue. The officers tell exactly what happened and that's all that's necessary. The horrors don't need exaggeration. The heroism shines of its own merit.

A romantic note is introduced in Kelly's references to Peggy, an army nurse whom he describes as "a cute kid, a brunette about medium height and very trim." The last he heard of her whereabouts was that the plane taking her out of Corregidor cracked up—"Now we'll never know." Kelly recalled the last time she spoke to him on the phone, when "her voice sounded clear and brave but seemed to come from far away"—

White's book rails against complacency. Kelly says, "I went to bed sick as the silky-voiced commentator again repeated his account of our victory, when all out here knew we had only expended ourselves in the hope that it might slow down a Japanese victory and we had even failed in this."

To the naval officers, credit is due for the job they did and for the realistic and inspiring tale they tell. To White goes credit for arranging the accounts in logical, significant order and for his foresight in letting the officers tell their own story as the best means of achieving the desired effect.

To turn a deaf ear to these men who have expended themselves on our behalf would be base ingratitude.

M. J.



THEY'RE ENCHANTING

Continued from page 14

hundreds of stately candles in tall shining candlesticks, but did we ever stop to think how many were actually used?

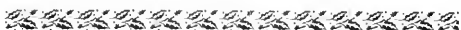
Today, as traditional as birthdays are the candles that flicker on the cakes made for children and for Presidents. There are all shapes and sizes—to fit every mood. Candles are a study in themselves—they are so important in their unimportance, that we almost forget how grateful we should be for their special charm and usefulness. They are enchanting, aren't they?



THE TOMBOY PRINCESS

Continued from page 16

held her breath as her mother carefully placed the pink precious gown over her shoulders. Joan looked around and saw the envious glances of the little girls, she walked out on the stage and listened happily to the "aaahhs" from the audience. In that moment Joan Brady became a little girl. The pink dress was so soft, the attention was so nice, there was such a warm feeling inside her for everything dainty, everything feminine. Joan looked around, touched the tulle with her hands, adjusted her crown, and opened her mouth to speak. But she had forgotten her lines.



In Case You Didn't Know

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. MARY DOWLING | 4. ALICE FITZGERALD |
| 2. CAROL HARRISON | 5. BABETTE HARPER |
| 3. MARY MCGINNESS | 6. CONSTANCE THEISS |



FACULTY FACTS

✿ Her name is Mrs. Raffalli, a French name properly pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. She comes from Mexico, the Yucatan peninsula, in that section of the country that produces hemp, where her family lives on a large hacienda. Right after World War I, Mrs. Raffalli came to teach at St. Elizabeth's, Convent Station, New Jersey. At the time she had only four years of English and one relative here, a nun whom she did not know. Circumstances, and a desire to travel and study changed her original plans of staying only long enough to learn English and then returning home.

She has made two trips to Europe, on one of which she studied at the Sorbonne for two years. Right before hostilities broke out in 1939, she had again made all arrangements to visit France. Languages it seems have always been her main interest. She speaks French at home and she studies Portuguese. On her travels, of course, she has had many interesting experiences. She recalls with pleasure meeting the grand-daughter of Victor Hugo and the contemporary Spanish writer, Pèrez Goldos.

The relationship between the Spanish American countries and America was one of distrust, she believes, but judging by letters from home this feeling is gradually being broken down. Although, she has adapted herself to American cooking, she has never lost her taste for Spanish dishes, and she frequently runs off to dine at Spanish restaurants. Mrs. Raffalli has taught at St. Joseph's before. She was impressed on her return by the innovations of Holy Hour and Nocturnal Adoration. But the yen for travel seems to be still with her, and we're half afraid it will take her off again.

by MARGARET GARVEY

✿ Because he thinks professors are the most absorbed in their own subject; Doctor Levack has tried to remain "just a normal individual." . . . who likes to play ball with the neighborhood children. He obtained his Master's degree at Harvard Graduate School; class of '32 and also obtained his doctorate there. After working in the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston; he taught at Amherst and in 1936 came to Fordham. He likes to travel (comes down from Yonkers everyday) and his idea of a good vacation is a two thousand mile auto trip. He confesses that he traveled from Boston to New Haven to find a wife and thinks enough of St. Joe's to send his daughter here . . . although she's only two years old. He would like to fly somewhere but right now, "Sky High" only reminds him of the present income tax. Dr. Levack likes the honor system and thinks the funniest, best things at the college are the students. Long hair always seemed more romantic to him even while he was a student. The Waacs and Waves have made no impression on him and he considers them no place for married women. As for church choirs in Brooklyn . . . something should be done!

by AGNES FENNELLY

Honorable Mention

✿ LORIA, with its gay new outfit that created a minor sensation for days after it was distributed. The ugly duckling became a swan with new ideas, printer's ink and a lot of work. Perhaps the remodeling job will induce the girls to write, and write and write . . .

✿ THE FALL DANCE—Who said, "There ain't no men."? The rec room and the auditorium were crowded to the doors—and the girls weren't dancing with their shadows either! The chance books and bid money helped make the handout for the missions a big success in a year when missions are apt to be forgotten.

✿ The MASS for our engaged girls. Where else but here do the lucky ones receive more than congratulations? We hope its the beginning of a bright new tradition in St. Joseph's history.

✿ The advertising campaign that launched a happy future for FOOTPRINTS. Posters, pep talks and even personal messages made it difficult to refuse to "dig down" and "hand over" that important deposit.

✿ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—the third successive performance of the dramatic society dreamed up and directed by the students themselves. It was a four star show.

✿ PARENT'S DAY—Mom 'n pop had an afternoon of college life, and they loved it. Incidentally the centerpiece at the speaker's table has evoked comments from everyone in the school—it certainly was beautiful. The chicken served downstairs probably was delicious, but the girls enjoyed the cream cheese sandwiches just as much—besides—there aren't "11 couches and 2 love seats" in the gym.

What Not To Give For Christmas . . .

-- if she is an S. J. C. undergrad

A SAINT CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL—She won't be straying far from home. LUCIEN LE LONG'S "TAILSPIN"—Her "him" is doing them in the Air Corps. VARVA'S "SUIVEZ-MOI"—Cause he's not there to follow.

A WALLET—Money is going into defense stamps instead. A ration card holder might do.

AN EVENING BAG—The old one will just have to do for that one occasion—the Junior Prom.

A COPY OF HOW TO HOLD YOUR MAN—Give her THE ART OF WRITING LETTERS or LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT instead.

SUGAR BOWLS 'N COFFEE CUPS—Just make it milk, please.

SILK PAJAMAS—They're pretty, not practical. We suggest red flannels instead. "NYLONS"—They're just *not* being worn this year.

by MAY WHALEN AND PATRICIA RYAN



LETTER ALONE

Continued from page 13

I don't know where you got a timetable so quickly, but everything shapes up grand for the 9th. That is, everything but my parents' consent.

I'm sending this special so you'll get it before you leave for Virginny. Merry Christmas to Bob and yourself and eat lots and lots of turkey.

Cheerily,

Prancer.

* * * * *

Happy New Year

Jan. 3

Dear Carol,

Say, mademoiselle, that was quite a surprise receiving your telegram—and I might add that I've been sleeping easier since I've found out that you're coming. I'd like to meet your folks; they sound all right to me.

Will tell you all about my Christmas adventures next Saturday.

Look, when you get off the train, if you see a young gentlemen (?) in a covert overcoat wearing a yellow (just to be different) carnation—that's me. I'll be looking for you. Until then—

Yours,

Peter.

* * * * *

Marycliffe College

January 11, 1943

Room 178,

In your future attempts to promote friendship with college women, I think it best you inform them that you are a Senior at Spring Hill "PREP." After this, as far as I'm concerned you're just another rumor.

Room 178, M. C. '44.



Scooping the Scooper

Whether she's flashing around scooping unsuspecting people for Loria or running into the Rec between class meetings and library assignments, all five feet of her, from carrot top curly crown to moccasined toes, bespeak the speed for which she is noted on the basketball court. You're likely to hear her quoting SHAKESPEARE in one moment and the next, she'll be doubled up with laughter over a phrase from Wodehouse. She loves the popular "moron jokes" (which isn't intended to mean anything subtle), likes to dance and act and eat fig newtons. She takes part in almost every activity at St. Joseph's and is proudest of being a member of the Religion Committee and of serving on the Council as President of her class.

by AGNES FENNELLY

DEAR "OLD YEAR"

My "third termers" would say, "Thanks a lot—hey! You done plenty for me and here's chalking you up a swell guy." Your correspondent's identity is an easy guess. Back in September, you sir, dared to commission me a student teacher and send me forth to brave a High School storm. The mission nearing its end, this report is respectfully submitted.

A lucky break was your assigning Catherine to the same school. Support was more than necessary the first day.

A whole week went by and even the Freshman class continued to take me for one of them—the new girl who sat in back of the room; "registered late, no doubt." The notes I had missed were graciously proffered by some friendly "classmates." One of the first greetings received was "Gee kid, your pocketbook is really mellow—what's your name?" A dilemma—whether to answer kindly, "Dolores" and risk losing my assumed dignity, or save the same and sweep my friend off her feet with "I'm a teacher."

My introduction to the class came quite incidentally; it hid in a slip of the teacher's tongue. "How crowded we are," remarked she, "with forty pupils' in here, and a visiting teacher." Instantly forty pairs of eyes searched the room, and forty different ways of asking, "Where's the teacher?" were whispered around. Suspicion lighted on me. "Hey are you the teacher?" was asked at last. An affirmative nod, a smile and joy—my rightful position was common knowledge. Comment continued and someone ventured "An English teacher? Do you *like* English?"

Correcting papers initiated me into the profession. The first set taught that in the novel "Evangeline," "Gabriel and Evangeline passed each other in different ships on the same ocean." Moreover, "Thomas Edison explored something that brought light to the world." In an exercise to use the words *plumage*, *urban*, and *sequence* in sentences, reluctantly, I deducted credit for

"When a plumer is fixing some pipes in the house, he is doing *plumage* work."

"Does that *urban* belong to you?"

"The *sequence* were so shiny on the dress."

Unwelcome but inevitable, the first day I was to teach arrived. Ten minutes before class, I prayed for an Air Raid alarm; ten minutes, after an Alert sounded and my class walked out on me.

Never did I appreciate genuine and whole-hearted good will more than theirs when I faced them as teacher. The presence of a supervisor necessitated maintaining steady and unrelenting "student activity." And they came through nobly. Discussion was far from brilliant but it was not lacking. Nor did they resent the constant urging on; rather, they seemed to enjoy the "show" we were staging together. And when the bell called curtain, like true actors, many came up to say, "Gee, you were good."

Proficient at "giving it," no less advanced are they at taking it. Undaunted, Dawson, the class orator, recites with never a wince or indication of annoyance at



the vocal requests to "cut the vocabulary" or "save the smart stuff." And Bradley, mischievous, to describe him kindly, accepts with a grin the quip of every vocabulary lesson, "What does menace mean, Bradley." Every Monday, Gilmartin, graciously amuses the class with a brilliant declamation—a preface to his oral topic wherein he explains at length that he's too bashful to talk from the front of the room: Would it be possible to address the class from the back?"

Do you suspect a cynic on your hands? Let me forestall such a conclusion, for what I have recounted is far from the whole story. When first I met them, I recognized those "crazy adolescents" were something to work on. Not very much later, I realized they were something to work with. A crowd of more sincere, unassuming, or, as they would put it, "regular kids" would be hard to find.

Dolores Wittrock



THE CHRISTMAS LITURGY

Continued from page 8

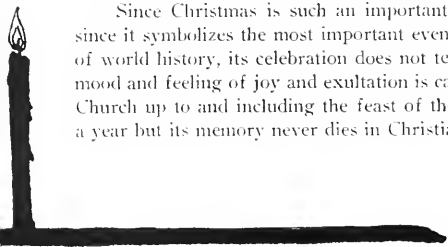
the World. To symbolize this coming, each priest is allowed the privilege of saying three Masses on Christmas day.

At each of the Masses the Epistles of St. Paul are used. The Epistle at the Midnight Mass is subjective and moralizing. Continuing on the tone of Advent, it denounces worldliness and ungodliness and anticipates the Coming of Christ in a spirit of purity and justice. The Gospel, according to St. Luke, begins at the enrollment and ends with the Angels singing, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The Midnight Mass was originally celebrated at the Station of St. Mary Major in Rome and specially recalls the temporal birth of Jesus in His coming of Grace—"Mary brings forth her first born Son."

The Mass at dawn was celebrated in the Church of St. Anastasia at Rome. At this Mass, St. Paul emphasizes that Christ has redeemed us not only in His Justice but in His Mercy. The Gospel continues as the Shepherds are about to visit the new-born King and sing His praises. This Mass makes us hail with joy the arrival of the Christ-God in His double manifestation. It includes a commemoration and prayer to St. Anastasia in whose Church it was said.

The last of the three Masses emphasizes the Divinity of Christ in its Epistle and in the Gospel—"In the beginning was the Word . . ." St. John. It is this Mass which sums up the Liturgy of the Christmas Season. It shows to us the triple filiation of Jesus. With regard to the Father as God, His birth is eternal; as man, it is temporal; as living in the Church, His Mystical Body, it is spiritual.

Since Christmas is such an important feast in the mind of the Church, and since it symbolizes the most important event that ever happened in the entire span of world history, its celebration does not terminate with the day itself. Rather the mood and feeling of joy and exultation is carried on in the public prayer life of the Church up to and including the feast of the Epiphany. Christmas comes but once a year but its memory never dies in Christian hearts.



Nights

by Rose Senese

. . . Those summer nights that knew no rest

Of loveliness—like candle glow

Through darkness.

Those autumn nights that knew no cast

Of metamorphosis—like poppies

Hiding poison.

I think you will forget them.

I know you will regret them.

To the hilltop of your pride

You climb, as if you never knew

Summer nights.

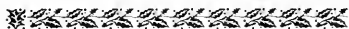
As if you never praised cold stars

In Autumn.

Remember only as you go

There is no fire there, but snow.

EDITORIAL



Once again the Christmas Season approaches, resplendent in its glory and holy in its meaning. The halo of the Christ Child glitters more brightly this year for many people than it has in several decades. Men are returning to God and are comforted in His consolation. Out of the sadness and misery with which the world is cloaked by man, the joy and hope of man is unveiled in the celebration of the anniversary of the Birth of Christ.

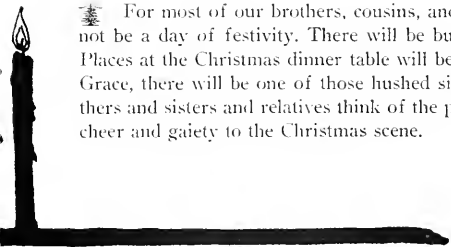
In retelling the Christmas story, we are able to realize all that was to be given to the world by a Person Who had such a lonely birth. Mary, His Mother, had but little to look forward to in trying to bring up Her Holy Child. She knew not where she would live, nor did She know if Her safety and that of Her Divine Son would endure. She had no home—She could not expect any security from those who were the governors. She did have the strength and comfort of St. Joseph, and the knowledge that Her new-born Babe was the Word of God made Flesh. She had Faith and Hope.

For many people to-day, the same conditions of wonder, bewilderment and confusion confront them. They think they are living in a bleak, cold and dark era. Man is assaulted by man, nation by nation, philosophy by philosophy. War, disease and famine prevail over the earth, a dull and dismal picture this world scene.

But time after time conflict has overwhelmed the people in this world. Men have not learned to live together. This is not because they cannot learn, or have not been taught. They have a Master Whose doctrines are vital principles; but they refuse, either through ignorance or controversy, to adhere to them.

We have unending reason to be joyful and hopeful this Christmas Season. True, we are engaged in a cruel and grueling war—but we are fighting this war to preserve the rights of mankind, to respect these rights, to live peacefully with one another in Christ. We must have hope for the immediate future—faith and desire for eternal values. We must rejoice for all of the Divine Gifts given to us. We must help others spiritually and mentally to have a Happy Christmas—to pray for Peace on Earth; good will towards men.

For most of our brothers, cousins, and friends in the Service, Christmas will not be a day of festivity. There will be but a few furloughs or week-end leaves. Places at the Christmas dinner table will be conspicuously empty, and after saying Grace, there will be one of those hushed silences, while mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters and relatives think of the person who perhaps only last year added cheer and gaiety to the Christmas scene.



Some of these men will have guard duty, or will be on manoeuvres here in this country; many will be fighting the enemy or preparing for combat on Christmas day, thousands of miles from home. We hope that the significance of the day will give them more hope and continued courage in fighting for the rights of Christianity.

We all realize the gravity and the deplorable state of the world-wide situation. We read about it, we talk about it, we think about it. But what do we do about it? Many commodities are being rationed: many essentials will be. These are regulated by the government, and we can get a certain amount of a product and no more.

But there is one way in which we can help in this conflict to the utmost, without the use of a ration card, without thinking of stipulated amount for use, without any regulations to which we must conform: we can buy War Bonds and Stamps. It seems superfluous to write about the ways in which the government expends the money from the sales of these Stamps and Bonds, but it is evidently necessary, in order that there will be an increase in the purchases here in the College. Perhaps that last Bond that you bought paid for the final equipping of a tank; or it bought an instrument which was essential for a navigator to map his course in the Solomons. Those last stamps of yours have sent bullets to some boy in the Aleutians — or perhaps a pair of gloves to keep his fingers from freezing on the trigger.

Our fighting men are trying to tell us that they need supplies: and that only we can pay for their equipment. They tell us in their letters, in their conversations, in their speeches. They pray that we will support them. Can we fail Them? They are making a supreme sacrifice. We are making a small offering.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps, sold daily in the College, and aid our boys to Victory!

C.T.



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WINTER, 1942

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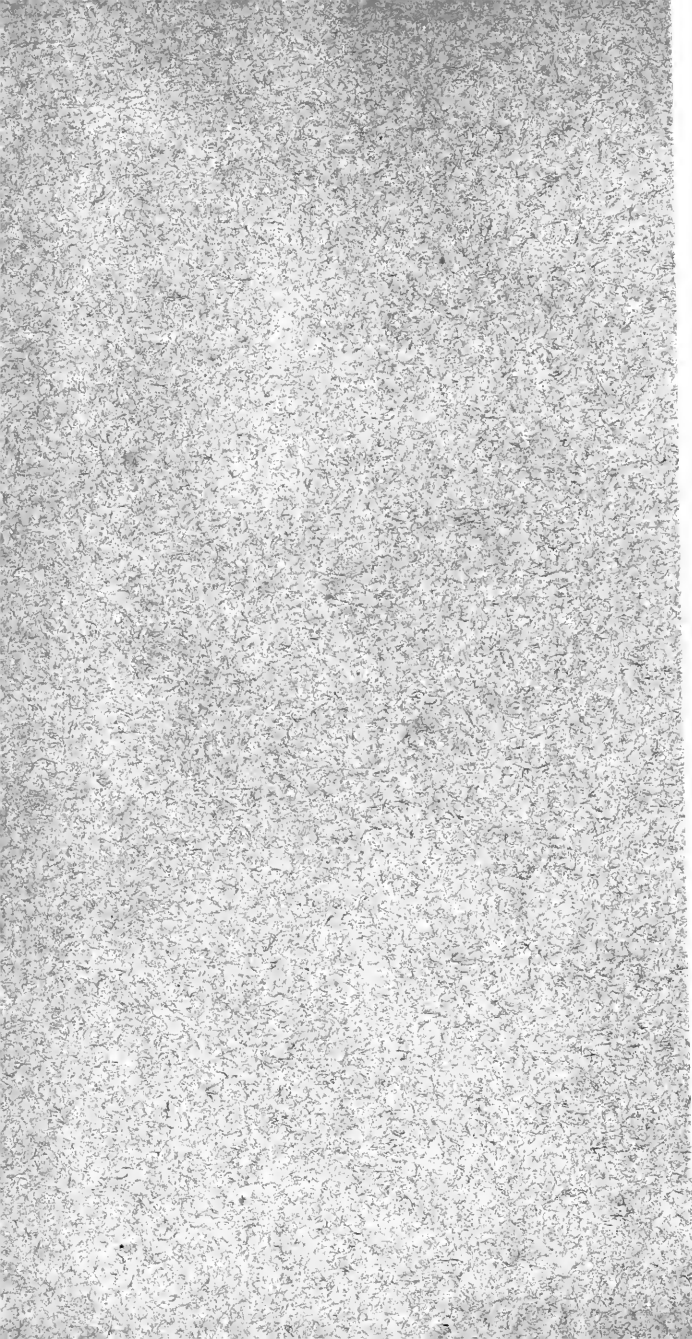
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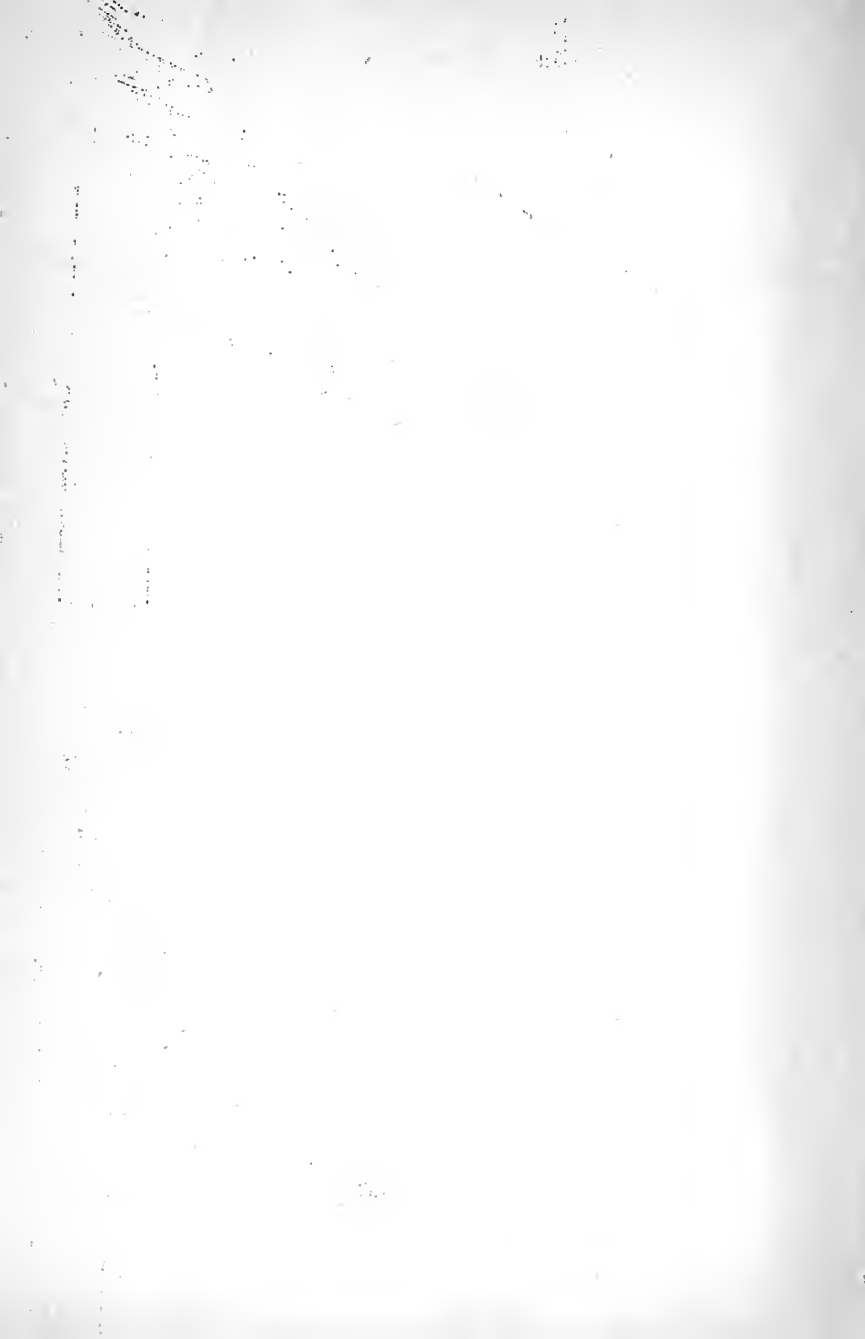


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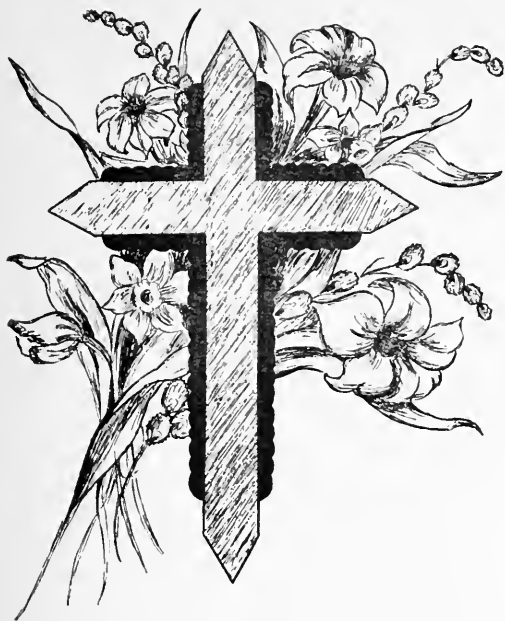




LORIA

Spring 1943

St. Joseph's College for Women



THE RESURRECTION FORMS THE basis for the hope of the Christian—the hope that confounds the world. Easter Sunday is the fulfillment of hope in Christ just as Spring is the culmination of year-round hope in nature.

EASTER IS A FEAST OF TRIUMPH which spring celebrates by a widespread rebirth of natural beauties. It is to this feast that we, too, look for inspiration—an inspiration that will lead to the triumph and rebirth of Christian principles throughout the world.

WE, THEREFORE, DEDICATE THIS ISSUE of Loria to hope—a virtue by which we, as students, will profit—and one of which we, as citizens at war, stand desperately in need.

The Editor

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Esse Non Videri

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*A tree has hope; if it be cut, it groweth
green again, the branches thereof sprout.*

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The Jinx Breaker

• Mary Jo Freese

BIG TIM O'HARA LOOKED OUT ON THE SMOOTH VELVETY PLAYING FIELD and sighed happily. This was Heaven, all right! And then as the pun struck him, he chuckled mirthfully. Yep, this was worth waiting for. A field like this, always in perfect condition, where a ball couldn't take any unexpected hops. And all the old time great stars to pitch to, just the way he'd always dreamed. Yes sir, this was a great place, and after the first strangeness had worn off a long while ago, he felt as though he had never been anywhere else. Why here he could play ball to his heart's content; there was always someone who wanted to toss the old apple with him. Tim shuffled out to the pitcher's mound. As he picked up the rosin bag, he got that warm glow that always made him feel good all over. Anyone could see that Big Tim O'Hara was still the biggest baseball enthusiast in Heaven. From force of habit, he grinned down at the batter waiting there, pulled his cap snugly, tipped his halo over one eye, and started his windup. He was all set to serve up his famous knuckler, when a new kid who just came up yesterday started shouting to him from across the field. He was running towards Tim as fast as his short legs and the flapping of his unaccustomed wings would let him.

"Say, Mr. O'Hara," he puffed breathlessly, "you'd better go up to the office. The Boss wants to see you . . ."

The pennants fluttered gayly atop the grandstand of National Park as the crowds poured through the gates for the afternoon game. It was not just the fact that the Boston Bears were playing the Chicago Eagles that brought the crowds in, but they wanted to watch young Lucky Malone, the Eagles' pitcher in action. This was not as flattering a statement as it might first appear, since, at the moment, the interest had nothing to do with his pitching ability. The fact of it was, Lucky couldn't have been more erratic. That undefinable jinx that haunts sophomore players had been hard on Lucky's heels since the opening of the season, and the experts were saying that the big splash of last year was now just a small drip. Even his nickname was bitter irony which made it all the harder. But it was not his bad pitching that was drawing the crowds into National Park. What the sixteen-thousand and some odd paying fans had come to see was Lucky's unique way of dealing the fates a counter blow. Like all ballplayers, he was inclined to be superstitious, but like no other ballplayer, he carried his theories out to such extremes that it was worth the price of admission just to see him pitch.

Behind third base, where she had a view of the Eagles' dugout, Molly Maguire, the manager's daughter and Eagles' Number 1 fan, also waited eagerly for

the appearance of Lucky Malone. Her usually pert, smiling face was clouded over with a worried look and her hands clenched and unclenched the railing before her. When things were wrong for Lucky they were wrong for her too because, well—that was just the way it was. The little frown over her right eye deepened as suddenly, the assorted whistles and hoots from the crowd announced that Lucky Malone was entering the dugout.

Lucky showed no reaction to their taunts. In fact to James "Lucky" Malone it was no joke; he was pathetically in earnest. The effort to pull himself out of his slump was beginning to tell in the sag of his broad shoulders, and the way he sat, chin in hands, staring morosely out on the playing field.

Several of the players passed by and sympathetically clapped him on the shoulder.

"Come on, Lucky, old boy, snap out of it. You can take those Bears and pin their ears back any day of the week."

"Sure, fella, come on; hang up the gloom."

All of this had no visible effect on Lucky as he just sat there running his hands through his wavy, brown hair.

Finally the game was ready to begin. Lucky finished his warm-up pitches, and prepared to take the mound. But instead of running out on the field with his mates, he darted out and touched his glove to home plate five times while the crowd watched in amazement. Then before the astonished fans and players alike, he ran to all the bases, repeated the action with his glove and finally arrived at the pitcher's mound.

"Malone, you crazy kid," barked Maguire, the manager, as his face took on a beet-like complexion, "we don't need you to chart a new route out there. Forget the exercises and get out there and pitch."

Lucky just looked kind of desperate, then picked up the rosin bag. He fingered it absently, started to put it down, then remembering something, he threw it over his left shoulder.

"Hey, Malone, its salt not rosin you're supposed to throw, don't you remember?" shouted a big red-faced man somewhere behind first base.

Lucky pulled down his cap and started his wind-up, but the pitch was wide, very wide. In fact, they continued to be wide all afternoon despite several more tosses of the rosin bag and repeated admonitions from the bench.

When the torture had finally ended with another loss chalked up to Malone, Lucky found an irate Molly waiting for him. The afternoon sun slanted down and so did Molly's eyebrows.

"Jim Malone," she cried, "what kind of an exhibition would you just call that. Are you a ballplayer or an advertisement for Ringling Bros.?"

"Oh gosh, don't be mad," Lucky replied glumly, "it's just that crazy slump. I'll get out of it soon. One of the fellows said that if I wear my cap backwards for one inning next game that will change my luck."

"Sure," said Molly acidly, "and last week you were told something else and you tried it and what happened?—nothing. Jim, why don't you do something constructive for a change like some real old-fashioned sensible praying."

"But Molly," pleaded Lucky, "who's going to listen up there. I've got to pray

to someone who can understand what I mean when I say that my curve won't break. It's got to be someone who has time to listen.

"Jim Malone, don't you think there is some saint in Heaven who was a baseball player or even a fan," said Molly impatiently. "Why you go home and pray to the one in Heaven who likes baseball the most. Something will happen, I'm sure," she added earnestly. "Anyhow Jim, either you stop this superstition or you find yourself another girl," she blazed.

"It always helped before," he snapped.

In stubborn silence the two of them turned and walked away from the park.

The next day dawned bright and clear, a ballplayer's dream, only Lucky wasn't headed for the ball park. Maguire had told him after yesterday's game that he needn't show up at the park next day; he should take it off and go fishing or whatever he wanted.

"And for gosh's sake," Maguire had bawled, "get rid of that tension and forget about your slump."

Lucky had followed Molly's advice last night too, though he didn't feel much different, the way he had expected to.

He had his fishing rod in the back of his Ford jalopy, and he was bouncing along in the direction of Waldon Creek, his favorite haunt. When Lucky hopped out of the car, he was rather surprised to see someone else sitting there already, someone whose face was partially hidden by a large hat tipped forward to shade his eyes, while a fishing line bobbed lazily in the water.

Lucky felt that a word was probably in order.

"Hi there, stranger, how're they biting?"

The stranger pushed his hat back and regarded Lucky with twinkling grey eyes.

"Not bad, fella, got a couple of nice ones here. Say," and he looked at him piercingly, "you're Lucky Malone, aren't you?"

"Yeah, that's right," said Lucky, relapsing back into silence. Lucky, he thought, that's a laugh. I'll be lucky if I'm not sold right back to the minors before the end of the season. "You live around here?" Lucky ventured.

"No, I'm just passing through," was the reply, "and this little spot looked so inviting, I just decided to drop off and do a bit of fishing."

Lucky let out a sigh that started right from his toes. "Life sure would be simple if there were no pitching slumps to worry about."

"Look, son," and the bushy brows moved expressively, "you're letting this thing get you down. A slump isn't too out of the ordinary. I can tell you that. See, I'm a bit of a ballplayer myself."

"Yeah?" said Lucky, still wrapped up in his own private gloom, "where do you play?"

"Well," and the grey eyes seemed to be chuckling at some secret joke, "some folks call it Celestial City."

(Over to page 24, please)

Invocation

*. . . In Palestine the flames first burned;
With ever-reaching tongues they yearned,
And then they blazed, a brighter fire
In catacomb and martyr's pyre.
Through centuries eternal Rome
Shot beams of light from Peter's dome,
Until today mid hallowed dark
Near countless altars burns the spark.*

*Imparter of celestial Fire!
With Thy pure tongues our hearts inspire
That other hearts may feel their heat
And with new-kindled fervor beat,
Til all may offer to Thy Name
One world-consuming votive flame!
Amen.*

Cathleen Agnes Neary

The Psalms -- Another Introduction

• Margaret Garvey

I KNOW YOUR REACTION TO THE SUBJECT. YOU ALMOST DIDN'T BOTHER to read further than the title. The Psalms? Well really, you didn't know what they are. The contact you've had with them has been coldly academic. Your honest reaction to them was at best indifference, and it has not helped matters to be told that you should love them. Former Christians sang the Psalms for enjoyment. Why? A chief part of the education of children was to learn the Psalms. The Acts of the Martyrs are full of accounts in which even young boys repeated verses from the Psalms before their death. Charlemagne liked to be called **David** by his friends, he so loved the Psalms. St. Thomas More recited the Miserere on the scaffold. The list is unending but no more convincing in its entirety. The question "why?" still remains. Why are modern Catholics less in touch with the Psalms than these Christians? I believe the answer rests in our ignorance of the Psalms. To know them is to love them. We do not know them humanly.

It is hard for us to imagine how they came into existence and how they have been handed down to us. In our hurried and impatient study of them, we are usually so overwhelmed by background, admittedly necessary for an intelligent understanding of the Psalms, that we never come to see the beauty of their content and style. To briefly sketch the background: the Psalms as part of the Old Testament are, of course the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Most of the verses were written by David 970 B.C., some were written earlier. They were from the first used as devotional hymns under the Old Law. Once the liturgy under David and Solomon was established, the work of producing and editing the Hebrew Psalmody must have gone on for nearly 1,000 years. Four or five centuries after David, the Jewish people changed their script and they became unfamiliar with the old forms. By Our Lord's time, much of the Psalms had become dim and confused. They suffered gradual variations owing to mistakes in copying, negligence, and oral traditions. We can understand the difficulty of accurate transmission when we realize that the Hebrew script was entirely without punctuation, and consisted of consonants only, the vowels being supplied by oral tradition. We have to look to Divine Providence for our assurance that the Psalms have been preserved for us without error.

Many translations have been made from the original Hebrew texts. For the benefit of Jews in Greek-speaking lands, in the second and third century before Christ, a translation into Greek, the Septuagint, was made. About the seventh century after Christ, there was a desire to fix the vowel system of the

Hebrew script. **Messoriah** is applied to the texts so written. St. Jerome in the fourth century remedied the disorders among the Latin versions and gave us the Roman Psalter. The translations into modern tongues have made the Psalms known over the world. The "Douay" version was the work of a group of Catholic exiles during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Before World War I, the Westminster version of the scriptures was started, but through lack of funds, it has been slow in production. This understanding of their origin and history helps us to the position where we can appreciate the Psalms as religious poetry.

A "human knowledge" of the Psalms, a feeling, loving knowledge, perceives their beauty as poetry and their fitness as prayers. The Psalms are religious poems. They answer every need of the human soul. Sometimes they are spoken in the person of Christ, sometimes in the person of the Church, of the penitent, of the soul aspiring to God, of the soul in union with God. They teach us to pray not by precept, but by putting the very words upon our lips. The Psalms were dear to Our Lord. On the cross He cried out,

"O God, my God, look upon me! Why hast thou forsaken me?" the opening words of the Psalms prophetic of his Sacred Passion. Written by an oppressed people, who looked to God for hope, the Psalms lend themselves to our needs. In our struggle for heaven, in the nation's struggle for victory, we can say with the Psalmist,

"But Thou, O Lord, art a shield unto me,
My glory and the uplifter of my head,
I cried aloud unto the Lord,
And from His Holy Mountain He hath heard me."

As poetry the Psalms stand barely surpassed. Exquisitely beautiful is the praise of God in Psalm 147.

"He giveth snow like wool,
Scattereth mists like ashes
He sendeth his crystals like morsels
Who shall stand before the face of His cold.
He shall send out his word and shall melt them;
His wind shall blow, and the waters shall run."

This of course, has not been an attempt to make you prayerful but to make you appreciate the value of the Psalms as prayers. The study of them, the use of them, is not something we take up on our own initiative. At the same time to know them is to love them. This has been an attempt to re-introduce you to them and to chat with you awhile until the ice is broken.

EASTER JOY

*In the radiant glow of the Easter morn
Magdalen felt her heart aflame;
For when Christ smiled and spoke to her,
He called her "Mary"—His Mother's name!*

Marguerite McGuire

Raid on Domremy

• Mae Calhoun

THE GROUP OF RANGERS, SEATED LOW IN THEIR SMALL, SWIFT BOATS, stirred restlessly.

"Swell night for a raid."

"Yeah," came a thin nervous whisper, "I hope the Jerrys aren't expecting us. It's going to be risky landing at sunset."

Richard silently agreed with the speaker. Their lieutenant was pretty inexperienced too.

"Hey," a voice broke into his thoughts, "did you hear about the munitions dump Mac and the old boys blew up last night? I heard the flames went sky high."

"Wasn't Mac wounded?" asked Dick.

"Yeah, that's why they gave us this young looney' tonight. I hear he's got plenty of guts."

As they cut swiftly through the water, Richard thought of the many times they had crossed this very channel to France. Strange how that old fellow, a Dunkirk casualty, had come to typify France to him. That tale, so incredible, yet so haunting, gasped out in choking breaths, about a girl clothed in shining white and carrying a banner of golden fleur de lis. A saviour, he had called her. Well, he was one the girl in white hadn't helped out too well, Richard thought.

Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by a sharp command from the lieutenant, "to hit the deck." They were nearing the landing point and the dory was just creeping now, circling towards the mainland like a pointer scenting a covey. The silence lay heavy as a mist and Richard thought his very nerves would snap, straining for the signal.

"Okay, men, let's go," and men slid almost silently into waist-deep water. They reached shore quickly and quietly split up into sections.

Richard led his two partners, Tom and Bill, briskly through the marsh. Their orders were to reach Mont Fauberge, overlooking the village of Domrémy and wait for darkness to cover the attack. They emerged from the marsh and made their way through the wooded inland, finally reaching the foot of Fauberge.

"Neat plan the looney had," said Tom in low tones, "attacking from the landward side. Will they be surprised!"

"Say, Dick," broke in Bill, "did you know the guy we're after is Herr Fleigheimer, the Nazi bigwig who has been exterminating all the French higher-ups?"

"Yeah," said Richard, "he's planning to make this town a second Lidice. If we don't get him tonight, there won't be a Frenchman alive in this town tomorrow."

As they scrambled up the hill, Bill murmured, dragged Herr Fleigheimer with them, having knocked him unconscious in the fight.

"Say, notice how quiet it is? Gosh, I can hardly believe we landed without causing an alarm; It's as still as a church. It makes you feel as though the saints were watchin' over us."

"Saints," said Richard disgustedly, "the only ones watching out for us are ourselves. Say, I'll bet you even believe the story that Dunkirk casualty told us. Still, it is awfully quiet . . .," his voice trailed off into a silence which remained until they finished climbing.

They sat crouched in the shadows of giant trees as the darkness fell swiftly about them. Richard's "It's time, fellows," signalled the start of the attack. They descended hurriedly and slight noises made by other groups told them that others were doing the same.

Richard's small party moved swiftly towards the town and crossed the clearing between village and forest in double quick time. They moved stealthily through the village, keeping in the protection of shadows. They were making their way unchallenged up a dimly lighted street, when sudden shots rang out to their left. The town, so it seemed to them, came to life in an instant, and as they darted into a doorway, black-coated storm troopers sprang up like deadly nightshade.

"They haven't spotted us yet, fellows," said Richard. "While they're chasing the others, we'll have a good chance of reaching the house without being seen. Come on—"

They continued again, more cautiously this time, till Richard said: "This looks like the house. There should be a back entrance. Let's make it before they find us."

As they skirted the house quietly, Tom stumbled against a henhouse and swore softly as a hen began to cackle. Richard, who was in the lead, spotted an open door and they entered, finding themselves in the kitchen.

In their haste they overlooked the flight of stairs in a dark corner of the kitchen. They were stealing through a huge dining room when Richard noticed a trooper hurrying along the long hallway leading into the room. He hissed a warning and they quickly hid behind some draperies. As the trooper passed Richard wondered how they were going to get to the second floor without being seen. It was practically impossible to reach it, and yet, if they remained hidden, their discovery seemed a matter of minutes. A faint movement in the curtain arrested his attention, a slim white hand appeared and beckoned. He approached and discovered a girl, who told them to follow her. There was something so compelling about her that they followed her back to the kitchen and up the stairs to the second floor. She led them down a long hallway and pointed towards a room, from which light was streaming through a partly opened door. As they drew closer, they could hear two voices arguing. Richard looked through the crack and his heart leaped as he recognized, from pictures, the face of the man they were after.

"It's Fleigheimer," he whispered, "let's go."

They burst into the room, taking the two men by surprise, and overpowered them. They bound and gagged both of them and left the trooper there. They

(Over to page 30, please)

Stephen Vincent Benet-American

• Catherine Ball

ON A SATURDAY MORNING IN MARCH AMERICA LOST A POET. HE WAS not our gratest genius—he was not our best-loved writer. But among today's men of letters it may be said that Stephen Vincent Benet loved America best. Americanism, the theme of so much of his work, was natural, we might almost say, destined for him. For he was born of a family of soldiers—his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were army officers. Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania in, 1898, he lived as a boy in various army posts to which his father was assigned; he spent his school days in California and Georgia; and his college was Yale. During the latter years of his life, he was a New Yorker. Equipped by his family's history with a vast and detailed knowledge of his country's history—his personal experience enriched by contacts with Americans of all types and sections, Benet seized eagerly upon the whole national tradition. Parts of it, he romanticized; other parts he recreated in vivid realism, but all of it he vitalized with a patriotism that was emotional, yet deep and earnest.

In his early poetry, we find Benet taking a legend of colonial Virginia and making it into a ballad of a Pirate captain which he calls THE HEMP. Or we read THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL, a Georgia Romance that would be easier to sing than to recite. Then there is the BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE, written to romanticize and memorialize the sturdy pioneer who was the driving force of a younger America. William Sycamore says of himself,

"There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on 'money mush'
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky."

All his knowledge and love of American history and the people who made it is fused in his poetic masterpiece. During his early years, Benet was dissatisfied with his novels and stories, and desired to write a long narrative poem drawn from the military records in his father's library, with which he had become familiar as a boy. His ambition was finally realized in JOHN BROWN'S BODY, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1929. Based on detailed military records of the Civil War, the poem tells the story of that period as it affected the lives and the families of the soldiers who fought the war. The plan gave Benet an opportunity to include all the sections he knew, and the result is a story fascinatingly human. It is history come alive in the persons of a New England boy, a Georgia aristocrat, a Pennsylvania farmer, a runaway slave.

Many of Stephen Vincent Benet's short stories follow the same course as his tales in verse, taking their inspiration from the varied racial strains that go to

make up America, past and present. Benet was keenly interested in the Civil War and in the struggles of the negro whose fortune was so intimately bound up with that time of stress. His prose tale, *FREEDOM'S A HARD BOUGHT THING* takes us back to the days of slavery and sounds the depths of the negro's soul. Our author has caught everything—the feeling of closeness to the supernatural, which was so important to these people; the genuine humanity possessed by the slave, illustrated by his capacity for unselfish love; and finally the strong irresistible urge for freedom that conquered over all the obstacles placed in his way by the white slave-owners.

Turning from the theme of slavery, Benet's *O'HALLORAN'S LUCK* brings us to a more modern phase of our national life. Here he draws for us the Irish immigrant of the last century whose work is lightened by the magic of the fairies which he carries from his home in Clonmelly.

The most famous of his short stories is *THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER*, which, has been turned into a grand opera, and more recently has been made familiar to millions in a motion picture. The story is the summation of Benet's deep conviction that the goodness of heart and the energy of labor, characteristic of the people who built America, is capable of overcoming any force, even Satan himself. This creed he puts into the mouth of the nation's ablest orator and clothes it with the traditionally American atmosphere of rural New England.

But we must not think that Stephen Vincent Benet lived in the past alone. No, he was alive to the America in which he lived as well as to the nation of his soldier grandfather. Especially was he attracted by the city which was his chosen home—New York. A number of his later poems are inspired by the excitement of its life and the lives of its people—poems like *METROPOLITAN NIGHTMARE*, *FOR CITY SPRING*, and *FOR CITY LOVERS*.

Steeped as he was in American tradition, much of his work inspired by emotional patriotism, Benet could not fail to be aroused by the crises through which the nation is now passing. In 1940, he wrote *NIGHTMARE AT NOON*, an excited piece of poetry warning his countrymen of imminent danger. He says to them,

“Liberty, equality, fraternity.

To none will we sell, refuse or deny right or justice.

We hold these truths to be self evident.

I am merely saying—what if these words pass?

What if they pass and are no more?

Eviscerated, blotted out of the world.

We're used to them, so used that we half forget.”

The important thing about this is the poet's faith that if he can arouse the people to a consciousness of their creed and their destiny, all will eventually be well. There is here no blind, unreasoning hatred of the enemy which poisons so much of our modern literature. He proclaims, as he did a decade earlier, that the cause of the people in *JOHN BROWN'S BODY* and the truth with which Daniel Webster defeated the devil can not be conquered. This is the faith in right which America sorely needs today. For this we are grateful to Stephen Vincent Benet—for this we mourn his passing.

"Mind Over Math"

• Agnes Fennelly

IT IS WITH INFINITE RELUCTANCE THAT I OPEN THE FLOODGATES OF my bitterness to the world. Pride and its impending fall, however, have persuaded me that I must explain myself to the members of the Math 2' class, and to anyone else who has been foolish enough to ask me to add two and two with mittens on. Six years ago, when I first took Algebra, I began to realize how appealing English was. You may notice, that was the first time I encountered the doubtful techniques of Algebra—after three terms you really get to know the basic stuff.

Of course, I had a sister to help me, but unfortunately, the only thing that she and Math had in common was the art of involved explanations. Algebraic subtraction was always a mystery to me, but after hearing Helen explain it, it has become one of those things which we will understand only in heaven. In a quite complacent manner, she stated that subtraction is different because "when you have a minus, you have to minus it double, and then add, so you're really not subtracting at all." "May I quote you on that?" was my dazed reaction. Helen has a very intricate mind.

I've often heard of life's little problems, but I never before regarded them as particularly mathematical. Even the sheep which I try in vain to count at night seem to realize that this is the modern world of measurement. They caper about in my brain refusing to be counted until they have described arcs, ellipses, parabolas, and any other nightmarish figures with which I've struggled in the past. Sometimes they stop capering and demand that I calculate their instantaneous rate of speed. This brings up numerous difficulties which bewilder me without end.

I once toyed with the idea of becoming a Math major, but being a big girl now, I have put that aside with other childish things. I know that I should keep my mind on the X and Y axis, but the only axis I feel very concerned about isn't pictured on a graph. I think I resemble a normal person, except that my gray hairs don't come from age. It's only a question of mind over Math, but what fun does Einstein ever have?

“Addressed to You”

• Eileen Sutherland

TIME WAS WHEN LETTER-WRITING TIED ITSELF IN SATIN RIBBON AND hid in the drawer of lost arts. Well, war has emptied the drawer. The boy in Texas who used to 'phone around four for a date at eight, now writes six pages begging her to save the Friday after next if his furlough comes through. No wrong numbers there.

Happily, the art of letter-writing has become the sport of millions. They've discovered a new game where everyone wins. There's no cheating and the rules are simple. If he's a sailor, you write more often than he, and you use words instead of snapshots to show him how you looked in the Easter parade. A private merits a picture of his little son's gardening. That's what he's fighting for. The Marines and Coast Guards keep you posted on their slang and you marvel at the speed of air-mail. See what I mean about letter-writing, sport of millions?

Of course, the draft wasn't exactly required for the revival of interest in letters. George Jean Nathan, claims, "The public will always give up it's dinner to read love letters." Maybe he's putting it too strongly, but some of the love letters of great men are worth the sacrifice. Surely, Abelard never intended the publication of his notes to Heloise and yet many another woman has read those wretched pleas with sympathy and understanding. And who could resist the brilliant physicist, Michael Faraday, when he wrote Sarah Bernhard, "... my thoughts are quite giddy, and run round your image without any power of themselves to stop and admire it."

And who would you say wrote, "How is it that I have deserved thee; deserved a purer and nobler heart than falls to the lot of millions?" Thomas Carlyle! The crotchety, absent-minded, Scotch genius vowed to Jane Welsh, "I swear I will love thee with my whole heart, and think my life well spent if it can make thine happy."

A little less than half a century before the marriage of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle, Benjamin Franklin proposed to a charming widow, Mme. Helvetius, in a delightfully imaginative letter.

"Passy (January 1780)"

"Chagrined at your resolution, pronounced so decidedly last evening, to remain single for life, in honour of your dead husband, I went home, fell upon my bed, thought myself dead, and found myself in the Elysian Fields.

"They asked me if I had any desire to see any persons in particular. 'Lead me to the philosophers.' 'There are two that reside here in this garden. They are

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"Just Looking, Thanks"

• Carol Harrison

THE QUESTION IN SPRING FASHIONS IS "IS IT AVAILABLE?" MEN AND materials have had to be taken from the fashion world by a government that tells us, "Now, go ahead and be glamorous with what's left," and means it, too. Since all clothing purchased, represents an expenditure of manpower and materials (as well as money that might have gone for war stamps), buy wisely. Be sure the outfit will be useful on a variety of occasions, fit in with those already possessed, durable to the nth degree, and, withal, fashionable and becoming. It's a large order, but it can be filled with judicious picking and choosing, and careful attention to line, color and material.

The color situation is one for which we may give thanks. There are loads and loads of bright, cheerful pinks and reds; soft romantic blues; and deep glamorous purples. All are morale-building and all are "the-thing-to-wear." Any shade goes, because, fearing a run on dyes and a resulting shortage, the government has requested that no particular shade be stressed. This spring should be as varied and as colorful as a rainbow or a Roman-striped tie.

Suits are the thing this year—as usual. However, most unusual is the feature of durability and dual purpose. The long, slim line is in for the duration. Jackets are shorter—bell-hop-coats, boleros, and snug little old-fashioned waists. The shortness is balanced by attention to detail. Different lapels, interesting, full sleeves, extra-wide shoulders (for the tall girl who wishes to minimize the hip span), and a thousand and one tricks with buttons, collars, and pockets, all tend to brighten the picture.

Skirts, are narrower than those we've been wearing. They have front fullness, trouser pleats, and hip interest (pockets, split panels, shirring and trim) to give them an appearance of fullness. At their very narrowest, however, they are still wide enough to allow for a healthy stride and a graceful exit from trolley or bus. Most of the coats being shown are tailors, boxy, and loose. Strangely enough, these mannish characteristics are a perfect foil for femininity and they are guaranteed to keep it a secret if you gain those few extra pounds before next year.

Both the full length and the finger-tip length are shown in irresistible colors. If you plan to wear it with dark dresses, but a bright coat—or vice versa. While the coats have such individuating features as high or voluminous pockets, high and narrow lapels—or no lapels at all, and very ingenious buttoning and belting tricks, they retain



illustration by Evelyn Marzano

an air of the classic, which is restrained but attractive and which is destined for long wear.

The problem of shoes is a major one. Shoes give the key to your outfit—and, too often, to your character. Previously, we found it necessary to have flat heels, low heels, high heels and stilts. Now, with one pair between us and June, we must make a choice and use discretion in the purchase. After looking once at the heap of heel-less and sole-less relics of your "better days," look twice at the sensible Cuban and college heels that are being featured. Plan your color scheme and then buy your shoes for comfort.

With the shortages of materials caused by the war, our imaginative and creative chemists have come through with many new and exciting substitutes. Most interesting is the wood-fibre group to be released, just before Easter. One of these resembles sharks-skin; another, a very fine linen, and a third, which will be popular for play clothes, much resembles a non-glossy chintz.

Accessories are a big item this year. Changing them often is one requirement for gaining the greatest good from your "one-good-suit." With dark suits, a colorful vest of corduroy is suggested as an interesting variation. Blouses come into this group, too. For class-days, after-school teas or dinners, and casual (?) dates, a suit can be changed from the all-day tailored efficiency, to fluffy dressiness, with the change of a blouse. One such stripe has a smart ruffle around the collar, and the same ruffle peeking out at the wrist.

Gloves, hat, bag, collar, or necklace can be varied to make three outfits of one—and may have to make four or five. Along this line, note that accessories do not have to be completely changed. The addition of a pair of colored gloves or a colored purse can add dash to an otherwise sober black ensemble.

The basic dress, much joked about as it is, is still indispensable to a day college. With a tailored dicky it can be worn to class all day. Then, for evening activities it blossoms out with a ruffled collar, a necklace, or a pin. This same ruse can be applied to transform last year's swan.

In all your spring planning, remember that it is fashionable to be patriotic and it's patriotic to wear what you have.

SPRING FEVER

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

*Last Spring a gay lad passed my way.
He stopped, he turned, he came to stay.
He vowed that he'd be true.
This Spring another lad is here.
The first remains—I hold both dear.
What does a lady do?*

Carol Harrison

Mother Goes To War --

• Agnes Fennelly

"JIM FEARONI" FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF? Sandbags and that rusty old pump all over my good rug!" Mother stood in the kitchen doorway and glowered at my father who was looking sheepishly from the rug to his shapeless sandbags.

"But, Tess, it's the government—not me. The government . . ."

"Government or no government, I'll **not** have you dragging those foolish things over my clean floor. Now you take them out of here—go ahead, out."

Dad grinned a little but I heard him sigh in a resigned way as he bent and dragged his equipment back to the cellar stairs. Mother listened and tilted her head, the way she does when she's satisfied, as she heard the unmistakably bumping sounds of Dad going back downstairs.

Mother was like that a few months ago. She went to her weekly meetings of the Ladies' Auxiliary of our high school and neither blackouts nor the practiced wail of the air raid sirens disturbed her. We used to hear her talking over the 'phone to Mrs. Buckley about their meetings and then when we'd hear her begin ". . . well, when the time comes . . .", we'd know she was talking about the war. She still couldn't quite believe that the government actually expected people to clutter up their halls with dirty sand pails—and Jim really intended to do it. Why, Davy would think they were left there for him to play with. Mother wasn't really disturbed about the fact that according to her views, the government was giving some pretty peculiar orders. She was inclined to regard the rules about stirrup pumps as the mere caprice of a few disordered minds in Washington, and rather indulgently waited for the better men to assert themselves.

We were all totally unprepared for the shock she gave us one night at dinner—that is, Dad and I were unprepared, Davy's too young yet to know that there are problems other than can he have more cream on his chocolate pudding and Charley's at the age where things are more or less taken in one's stride. Mother had been awfully quiet all through dinner but I guess she was wondering how to break the news to us. I saw her take a couple of deep breaths while Dad was reaching for another piece of cake, and then with a momentary "now or never" frown, she looked at Dad.

"Tomorrow's inspection day on our side of the street, Jim."

"Inspection for what?" Dad was engrossed in his cake.

"Well! For a man who says he's public-spirited! Haven't you read the notices? They've been posted all over the neighborhood and they say that each house is going to be inspected by the Air Raid warden to see if we've got enough sand pails and pumps."

At this point, Charley looked up and wanted to know who our warden was. Mother told him not to eat so fast and went on.

"Jim, you'd better make sure that we have two pails and a pump on each floor and then I . . . you won't have to be afraid that you'll be reported."

Dad put his fork down and stared at Mother and I could see he was remembering how she had made him take the pails and pump back to the cellar in the not-so-dim past. I think he had a mental picture of himself trudging back upstairs with the fire equipment or else being led out of his house handcuffed to an F.B.I. man, to be booked as a suspicious character.

Charley again asked who our warden was and, over his milk, Davy proudly sputtered "Air waid boom, boom" and grasped his glass just in time as he guided a stricken flyer groundward. Charley is still young enough to deny the effects of subtlety and believes persistence is a necessary virtue.

"Hey mom, who's our warden? Is it some old crank like Mr. Donovan?"

Mother looked at him coldly, with the same sort of expression she'd had once when Dad laughed at her new hat, and poor Charley's fork stopped halfway to his mouth as she pronounced slowly, in an awe-inspiring voice, "I . . . am the Air Raid Warden of Lincoln Street. I regret that doing one's civic duty means to be classed by your own children as 'some old crank'."

We were too speechless to answer. We hadn't known before that Mother's Auxiliary had gone whole-heartedly into Volunteer work until even she was absolutely convinced that a pail of sand in her front hall would awaken the nation to the realization that "the danger must be faced by the women left home alone to face it." This she quoted as the most stirring part of Mrs. Buckley's speech. I reflected on the thought that Mother's friends would quell any respectable danger by just facing it, but unlike Charley, I've learned to use tact where Mother's Auxiliary is concerned.

Life at our house went on pretty smoothly for the next few days, with Mother stopping down to her headquarters every night "to see if there's any news of a blackout." I really think she believed that somehow they'd receive special notice beforehand if the enemy had planned a raid for the night.

Then one evening when as usual, we were lingering over dessert, mainly because we hated the thought of washing dishes, Mother startled the family, even down to Davy, who excitedly cried just "What! What!" which is his favorite expression in any excitement. She got up from the table with a jump and peered anxiously through the kitchen window.

"Now what's the matter?" asked Dad curiously. "Someone trying to steal our garage?"

Mother just said "Yes" which left Dad a little stunned, but after a few minutes more at the window, she came back to the table and sat down.

"That awful little man next door!" then almost conversationally but with a confidential lowering of her voice, Mother calmly informed us, "He's a spy!" I felt a kick from across the table and Charley almost choked on his milk, which he doesn't admit he drinks anymore.

"Has he planted any bombs or flashed signal lights?" I asked merely to show a polite interest in the conversation.

"He has 'something' in his garage!" With this announcement, Mother sat back and surveyed us in satisfaction.

Dad remarked that it was possibly a car, but Mother wasn't to be stopped by mere scorn.

"He is hiding 'something'," she repeated in a tone that made Davy shiver.

"Say, what movies have you been seeing? He's probably just nursing an old tire." At times, I admire Charley for his realism but he made Mother feel thwarted.

"Now what makes you think a harmless old man like Mr. Schultz is doing something wrong, just because he goes into his own garage?" Dad asked reasonably, so Mother's answer was aimed directly at him.

"When a man is hiding something, it doesn't take a woman long to find out about it, and I've been watching that man for over a week."

I wondered if he had any private life left, but thought it better not to say anything.

Mother went on to explain that each night for the past week, just after dark, Mr. Schultz had been carrying a small package out to his garage. She admitted that there was nothing particularly suspicious about that, but it was the way he acted. He slipped out of his back door and opened the garage door so quietly, looking around uneasily as if he didn't want even his wife to know he was out there. I knew his wife so I could feel a certain sympathy for Mr. Schultz, but Mother said he was positively furtive. Dad and I scoffed a little and Dad told me my mother's a wonderful woman "but she's got an awful imagination." "Laugh if you must, you two," she said, "but tomorrow night, you watch that man and see if he's not acting as if he's doing something that he doesn't want anyone to know about."

All through dinner the following night, we tried our best to make Mother forget that meek Mr. Schultz was a potential saboteur, although Dad and I knew that Mother's faculty for remembering things would have been the envy of the most long-lived elephant. A few times she glanced at us and smiled absently as if she were promising herself not to say "I told you so." Dinner was just about finished and I was beginning to hope that Mr. Schultz has postponed his nightly excursion, when Mother suddenly snapped off the kitchen light.

Davy as usual demanded "What! What!" and Charley said "Hey!" but then groaned as Mother whispered, "I just heard his back door squeak!" and she added in an ominous tone, "Don't let him hear us!"

From what Dad muttered under his breath, I think that at the moment, he would not have cared had Mr. Schultz been holding a Bund meeting in the back-yard as long as he had let Dad finish his coffee. I suppose it was curiosity that brought Dad and me over to the window with Charley looking casually over my shoulder, but it wasn't idle curiosity that made Mother whisper quickly, "I'll be back," and before we could stop her, she had slipped out through the back-door and into the yard. In utter amazement we stared after her and, in

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The Language of Color

• Evelyn Marzano

COLOR IS MERELY A SENSATION WHICH DOESN'T PERPETUATE ITS OWN existence. It needs a person to interpret color, to read its meaning even as you say, "How exquisite!" It is the psychological effect that is paramount. Men, who are by nature alike although manifestly very individual in their tastes, nevertheless recognize a special "language of color."

To Occidentals, yellow is a loathesome color. Cowardice and illness are connoted by its blazing hues. In China, yellow is the symbol of nobility! The Romans bore a red flag into battle. Mars, the soldiers' god, rode a chariot and was bravest of the brave. So fire and war have been denoted by red. Still it hasn't lost its significance as the color of autumn, the harvest, plenty and warmth. Scarlet is the sign of blood and the anger that, perhaps, provoked its loss. Green, red's complement, heralds the victory, end of the strife. To an Irishman, green calls upon his patriotism. Add yellow to the green for youth, cheerfulness, faith and peace. Purple rises to royalty; the elegance of ancient princes depended upon the purple dyes of Tyre. Black summons a spectre of death, despair and night; white cleanses with purity, sacrifice and winter. In the zone between the two lies indefinite gray, color of age and decay, the "hoary gray" of an old man's beard.

This symbolism of color was absorbed into the liturgy of Christ's Church by zealous priests who colored their vestments in order to impress a Catechumen's mind with the spirit of the ecclesiastical seasons. The feasts of Our Lord and the Saints merit particular colors, too. Red, green, violet, black and white became the "Roman sequence" from their use in the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Red vestments signify Masses of the Holy Ghost and feasts of martyrs. Green is worn on Sundays after Epiphany to Septuagesima Sunday and on Sundays after Pentecost to Advent. During Advent and Lent, violet, symbol of penance, is used. Black vestments are reserved for Good Friday and Masses for the Dead. For the feasts of Our Lord, except those of His sufferings, for all Our Lady's feasts, for days dedicated to unmartyred Saints, the priest wears white. Gold, brilliant and lustrous, plays a supporting role in this drama of color and may be substituted for any of the others. The glint of the threads running through the vestments signifies light, purity and sanctity.

Nature herself generously splashes the contents of an infinite palette over an ordinary day and through an ordinary year of changing seasons. No two sunsets are alike and yet who will acclaim yesterday's more gorgeous than today's? Few ever notice the beauty of falling leaves or brand new grass. Occasionally, a girl on a Saturday-night date will see the loveliness of a silver moon for the first time. Or an old man fishing will thank a weeping willow for its greenness and shade. The eyes of a poet rarely miss the latent beauty of even the foggiest sort of a sky. But that's another story . . .

THE JINX BREAKER

(Continued from page 8)

"Oh sure," nodded Lucky in agreement, although he had never heard of the place before. Sounded to him like some bush league town in Kansas or one of those states.

"Why, just the other day," the stranger was continuing, "it was my turn at bat; I hadn't had a hit in fourteen tries, and all of a sudden I connected for one of the prettiest homers I ever saw. Some kid outside who's been waiting a long time to get in caught it, and when he brought it up to Peter, he's our gate-keeper,—why he just didn't have the heart to keep him out—Oops, I think I've hooked one here."

He jerked the line a trifle but it suddenly went slack, and the two of them sank back in silence. The warm afternoon sun and the gentle lap-lap of the water made Lucky feel peaceful and relaxed, and for the first time since the season started, he almost thought about being happy again. He moved his long, lean frame to a more comfortable position, and with the rod balanced between his knees, he picked up a handful of pebbles and automatically began to fling them into the water.

"Hey, what are you doing, scaring off all the fish?" sputtered the stranger angrily. Then seeing Lucky's woebegone face, the grey eyes scrutinized him long and carefully. Finally he retorted with that same knowing smile, "O.K., so you can't forget baseball even on your day off. All right, young fellow, what do you say we let the fish watch themselves and we toss a few around, if you've got a ball and glove handy."

Lucky grinned back. "Sure, right in the car. Be back in a flash!"

He returned carrying two battered, pliable old gloves and a ball.

"All right, son, let's have the ball and we'll see how you like this one."

Lucky's eyes almost popped in disbelief. Because that pitch was the most perfect knuckle ball he had ever seen, travelling smooth and steady until just about where the plate would be, and then breaking with a wicked hop that sent Lucky sprawling on his knees as he tried to catch it. The younger man met the older man's eyes with a new respect.

"Gosh, that was beautiful. If I could come up with something like that, Maguire might even begin to consider me for a son-in-law."

"Well look, son, it isn't so hard if you once get the knack of it. Just a matter of placing your fingers here, and giving a twist there"—and another perfect knuckler floated down to Lucky.

The afternoon slowly melted away as the two threw back and forth; Lucky listening carefully as the other explained. Easy, fluent movement, one, two, three, as simple as all that. Beads of perspiration stood out on Lucky's forehead and upper lip, but it was a warm, glowing feeling as though his arm had been well oiled and was beginning to move in coordination with the rest of him.

Finally the stranger looked up at the sky and with a little shrug, he announced, "Well, we'd better call it a day. After all, this was supposed to be a day off for you. And we'll both be getting too tired."

Lucky felt as though the last remark had been for his benefit because the stranger, although he had played out there in the same hot sun, seemed as cool and unruffled as when they had started. His thoughts were interrupted by the stranger's voice which seemed to swell like an organ peal.

"Now remember, son, as one ballplayer to another, when you go out there and pitch next time, you just think of what we've been doing here this afternoon. Forget Maguire and the rest and just imagine you're throwing a few to an old timer. Don't be scared, Malone; remember you can do anything you want to if you just try hard enough."

"Gosh, thanks sir, I will," and for a moment Lucky Malone, the big league ballplayer was gone, and in his place was just a kid listening respectfully to what the big fellas told him.

"And don't forget," as Lucky climbed into his car, "to wish me luck in tomorrow's game against the Seraphs."

"Oh sure," said Lucky, enthusiastically, "you'll knock them dead with that knuckler. Say," he added, "are you certain I can't drop you somewhere."

"No," replied the stranger, and the grey eyes twinkled roguishly, "I'll be lifted up pretty soon."

Another thought struck Lucky. "You know, after all your help, I don't even know what your name is."

"Oh, just a stranger passing through, Lucky, just a stranger passing through—" Lucky shook his head in bewilderment and started to drive off. It was funny though, as he looked back to wave, he had the queerest sensation. Of course, it was just a trick of the imagination, but the way the afternoon sun struck the big, powerful, grey-haired figure, it seemed to throw an aura of light around his person so that he appeared to be the center of a radiating glow. It was funny, mused Lucky, what your imagination could do.

The next day, the crowds were again pouring into National Park for the last game between the Bears and Eagles, before the Eagles moved eastward. Before game time, Lucky Malone went over to the box behind third base where Molly sat, with the appearance of one awaiting the executioner's axe. At the sight of Lucky she inquired anxiously, "Jim, you are pitching today, aren't you?" "Sure Molly darling, and listen, don't look so scared. I took your advice after all the other night and did some real praying and swore off all that superstition. And besides Molly, that rest yesterday was just what the doctor ordered. I feel like a kid again." And he beamed from his lordly age of twenty-two. "And Molly," he added seriously, his eyes looking straight into hers, "if I win this afternoon will you say yes to whatever I ask you. Will you?"

Molly smiled impishly. "I guess if I want Dad to have a twenty game winner in the family I'd better say yes."

Lucky let out a yip that made the fans turn in a body, wondering what new stunt Malone was pulling today. But what they saw that afternoon was pitching, solid and certain. Lucky found himself automatically timing his pitches, one, two, three. He could feel the old arm bear down with just the right amount

of spring. Easy now, watch the motion, one, two,—“Strike three,” went up from the plate umpire.

“Hot darn,” murmured Lucky, “I could eat it on a dish.” The arm whipped down again and again until all of a sudden Lucky felt himself surrounded by his teammates, all yelling, and slapping him on the back.

“Nice work kid,” said Maguire at his elbow.

“You mean we won,” cried Lucky coming out of his fog.

“Listen to the boy,” someone screamed. “He just pitched one of the greatest games I ever saw and now he asks did we win.”

The yell that burst from Lucky then, made the first one sound feeble by comparison. “We won! Boy oh boy, wait until I find Molly.”

But Molly herself was not slow. With the last out she had rushed up happily to be right there at the gate where she always waited for Jim. As she made her way, her heart just about winging with joy, she passed old Bill who had been gatekeeper at National Park so long that he seemed almost part of the great stadium.

“Oh, Bill,” Molly bubbled excitedly, “wasn’t Jim wonderful. I knew once he forgot that superstition he’d be right back in form again.”

“Sure thing, ma’am,” old Bill shook his head slowly, “Lucky Malone pitched a whale of a game today. That knuckle ball he threw, only one other person I ever saw could throw one like it, that was Big Tim O’Hara, who used to pitch for the Eagles. But I guess you wouldn’t remember it ma’am. He was killed in a train wreck just about twenty-five years ago.”



illustration by Cecile Mills

A Chocolate Sundae -- Or A Man

• Marjorie Jones

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE—A CHOCOLATE SUNDAE OR A MAN? TO THE gal inclined to plumpness or erupting skin, these terms are mutually exclusive. Her sweet tooth—if indulged in—is fatal to her sweet appearance, and the devouring of pounds of candy to help digest a philosophy book is diametrically opposed to the acquisition of a “sweetie.” The art of getting a man necessitates suffering unrelieved by food through the toughest of assignments.

Which will you have—ten minutes longer in bed each morning or a man? Morning exercise is reputed to have the power to eventually do away with the imperfections of any figure. Jumping out of bed ten minutes earlier enables one to apply make-up before hitting the street—to be ready at dawn to impress one’s “fate,” should one meet him.

Which will you have—freedom of speech or a man? An opinionated woman is never popular but it’s a distinct advantage in a man to have views which he expresses freely. The successful female listens to a man’s long discourses on the cause of his annoyance but never once lets on that she, too, has troubles. She must be to him a perpetual Cheshire cat whom life doesn’t touch except with its numerous joys. This, in spite of the fact that life doesn’t play its part.

Which will you have—freedom of action or a man? A girl must be willing to accept a man’s suggestion of a movie, though she’d much prefer dancing at the Astor. Her whole life must be determined by the state of his wallet. Even when he’s not around the man has plans for life. He thinks she should be near the phone whenever he happens to call.

Which will you have—an unrestrained indulgence in dark nails, red hats, and bleached hair or a man? Men are supposed to prefer simplicity in dress and makeup. Some slight doubt is cast upon this point by the fact that the very women, who tell you that men hate such things, wear red hats and seem to get on very well. Howsoever, since men’s conservative taste in women is always stressed their must be some foundation for it, and gals are wise who restrain their passion for “flash.”

Which will you have—one of these superficial, passing pleasures or a man?

The answer is obvious . . .

I’ll have a chocolate sundae.

“Wordy Matter”

• Agnes Fennelly

YOU HAVE REALIZED THAT TO LIFT A DICTIONARY, OR ENCYCLOPEDIA is work much too heavy for your little hands, and to tuck its staid material into odd corners of your brain, is much too heavy for your little head. In fact you have decided that in more ways than one, you prefer light reading. With or without Webster's endorsement, you are content to blunder along, fondly hoping that what you're speaking is English. The rest of the world may kindly call it individuality.

You do recall, however dimly, that English is not a pure language, and you'd find difficulty in deciding which languages don't contain words borrowed from others, in a modified form. The two great divisions of Western languages are the Germanic and Romance. The Anglo-Saxon developed from the Primitive Germanic tongue, and then, after the Norman conquest, received modified French forms derived from Latin, which combined to give us the foundation for our English language today.

You've probably wondered if Chinese Pidgin English is a recognized form or if it is merely a humorous conception of a Chinese attempting to speak English. The term "Pidgin" is reported to mean business and the language was gradually formed for purposes of trade and communication when China first opened her ports to the world. "Supposey" means "If," "belongey" is anything which shows possession, and "one-piece" represents the indefinite article "a" or "an." This gives you an odd sort of sentence but certainly no more strange than certain American expressions. Any respectable Chinaman (or Englishman) would run to the nearest dictionary if he heard some of the expressions which originated in the days of the American Pioneers. A few of these are: to fork over; fly off the handle; knock the spots out of; swap horses in mid-stream. Examples of street slang in England at the time of William and Mary are not so numerous but just as entertaining. An ugly person was called "bracket-face," "Bess" was an instrument in the respectable art of cracking open a door, and "dead men" meant empty bottles.

In languages, as in everything else, we find back-formation. This means that in some cases, verbs have been formed from nouns, although the opposite procedure is more common. Thus we say that a butler "bottles," a sculptor "sculpts," an usher "ushes." Mispronunciation has resulted in some amusing twists. Farmers have often called asparagus "sparrow grass," and gargoyle motor oil has been called "gargle oil." It is a common slip to call the Electoral College the "Electric College." For modern use, renovated has turned into

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Micro-Scoops

● SHE NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION—EVERY UNDERGRAD KNOWS HER, by her infectious laugh, by the voice that leads the prayers in Chapel, by the abundance of that undefinable quality known as "color." The Lenten breakfast sessions are enlivened by her famous rendition of "Summertime." Come the interclass games, and she's right in there holding down center guard for the Seniors. She can "bon jour" it with the best of them in the French plays, and as readily render "Tannenbaum" with the German club. She also answers to the roll call of the Religion Committee and the Missal Club. Manages to combine effervescence with efficiency, which is one of the main reasons she holds her present office—President of the Undergraduate Association.

● IT WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE TO DISCUSS THE "SKIPPER" WITHOUT making some mention of the "first mate," or in this case, the Vice President of the U. A. If that elusive term "typical college girl" could be defined in any one person we'd use her as the definition. Dark and slender, she's a perfect foil for long jackets and argyle sweaters. Noted for sense of humor as well as for those sensational left handed shots, which have pulled more than one game out of the fire. Her interest in school affairs keeps her pretty busy, but if she's still for more than five minutes at a time she will pull out her khaki colored knitting, or vigorously defend the new salute to the flag at G. A.

● SHE WOULD STAND OUT IN ANY CROWD BECAUSE OF HER DISTINCTIVE haircomb, straight-black bangs and shoulder length page boy, which suits her exactly and which she confesses has been her hair style for years. Has a native talent for languages and painting, which is recognized by the girls who elected her president of the French Club and Art Club. As art editor of this magazine, she knows all the technicalities of prints and cuts, and was responsible for the original green print in the Christmas issue and for the striking fawn illustration on the fall cover (which, for general information, was not "Bambi"). Never says "no" to a request for a poster—or more specifically, never says "no" to a request. But with all her extracurricular activities, she can boast of a scholastic record which has admitted her to Mercier Circle.

● SHE'S GOT THAT "OLD BLACK MAGIC" IN HER FINGERTIPS WHEN SHE sits down at the piano; she has it in her feet when she darts around the basketball court. May be small (she stands only about five feet nothing), but like a modern Pied Piper, she can hold half the school around the piano when she begins with her own composition, especially "Neath the Weeping Willow Tree." Proves the law of perpetual motion, either at varsity practice or lindyng in the "rec," or when thinking up ideas for Freshman G. A.

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"We'd better get out of here fast," said Tom, "they'll be after us in a minute." The going was more difficult for them now as they were hampered by the captured Nazi. As they reached the outdoors, Richard realized with a start, that the girl was gone.

"Say," he said, "did you see where she went?"

"No," answered Bill, "she must have left during the fight. Gosh, you don't think anything happened to her?"

"She seems capable of taking care of herself," said Dick, "but I wanted to thank her for helping us."

"Quit jawing," said Tom, "they'll be on our tails any second."

"Okay, let's head back," said Richard, quickening his pace.

It was strange he thought to himself, how she happened to come along at that particular moment and how she seemed to guess their mission.

Then he was brought back to reality by the sharp crack of a nearby rifle.

"Whew, that was close," he whistled.

Rapid machine-gun fire broke out to the other side of fleeing Rangers and they doubled their speed.

"They must be on either side of us, fellows, according to the gunfire," Tom worriedly observed. "We're lucky to have this path open—"

His words were interrupted by a bright flare directly in front of them, revealing crouched Germans a few hundred yards ahead.

"This is bad," said Richard, "we can't go back. Guess we'll have to make a run for it."

But there, once again, the girl was beside them. She ordered them to follow and they obeyed, unquestioningly. Richard could never recall exactly the details of that nightmare flight. He was conscious only of the bright orange flames which licked the air about him and the blinding explosions of the flares. The moon cast down an unearthly brilliance and he had a confused impression of tall trees and soggy marsh. He could hear vaguely the hoarse shouts of Tom and Bill and the guttural cries of the Germans. The only real thing in that unreal world was the white cloaked girl who sped before him. He never realized that he had been wounded until she turned and pressed a white cloth to his shoulder to staunch the flow, never slowing her pace for an instant.

They reached the barge, the last contingent to arrive. Willing hands relieved them of their burden and eagerly lifted them into the boat. Richard, turning to thank the girl, found that she had already gone.

"Where did she go?" he asked.

"Who?"

"The girl."

"We haven't seen any girl, you must be seeing things."

"He's raving," someone said. "He shouldn't listen to those shell-shocked veterans' tales."

Richard began to doubt then himself, and yet—as he lay in the bottom of the boat his fingers smoothed a crumpled bloodstained cloth. It had once been white and on it still, faintly glimmered golden fleur de lis.



I Saw the Fall of the Phillipines—CARLOS ROMULOS . . .

"I WAS THE LAST MAN TO LEAVE BATAAN." WITH THIS COLONEL CARLOS Romulos begins one of the best stories of the war. "I Saw the Fall of the Phillipines," differs from the usual war book for it emphasizes human interest.

Prior to the war, Colonel Romulos was editor of "The Herald" a Phillipine newspaper. He is a Filipino who was educated in the United States. His father was a member of one of the guerrilla bands who fought the establishment of the United States government on the Islands. Therefore Colonel Romulos learned at an early age the meaning of liberty. At the outset of the war he was appointed propaganda chief by MacArthur. A radio station was established on Corregidor and each day news was broadcast to the Japanese-held mainland. So successful were the colonel's efforts in combating enemy propaganda that the Japanese placed a price on his head.

The book is based upon the Colonel's diary. It is an inspiring tale, simply told. When the book is laid aside one does not remember so much the great battles of Bataan and Corregidor. Rather one remembers . . . the faith of boys trapped in fox holes . . . the moonlight walks of a girl and a boy on the fated island . . . the courage of the Quezons and the MacArthurs . . . a woman called Virginia . . . the tears of a man whose friend falls dead at his feet . . . or perhaps the tears of "the last to leave" on hearing that Bataan has fallen.

There is no sentimentality here. There are no special heroes. It is the story of magnificent men and women. It is a man's testament of faith. On Corregidor and Bataan "man's humanity to man" was the source of their strength.

S. D.

Light Before Dusk — HELEN ISWOLSKY . . .

A RUSSIAN CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL REMINISCES ABOUT HER DAYS AS a literary apprentice. LIGHT BEFORE DUSK, significantly titled, contains the recollections of a brilliant Catholic revival in France before present Nazi domination.

Helen Iswolsky belonged to a group of post-war authors, members of the "lost generation," tired of skepticism, searching for a stable philosophy, and wishing to be convinced. Pilgrimages to monastic abbeys provided the answer. Finding inspiration there, they set out to solve social problems and attack modern philosophy with the aid of the encyclicals.

In a simple, clear style, the author provides interesting glimpses of creative France during the last two decades. She draws absorbing sketches of outstanding personalities, particularly Riviere, Maritain, and Berdiaeff, all of whom she seems to regard almost with a certain awe. Too often, however, she reiterates her purpose and expresses her gratitude. Almost wistfully she remembers her comrades discussing philosophy on Sundays at a Versailles villa or tackling social ideas at an unpretentious wayside inn.

In the last chapter, she treats of France under Nazi domination, paying tribute to the free zone's attempt to keep alive the Christian tradition. The reader cannot help but feel that France will rise again as a result of a deeper spiritual life.

LIGHT BEFORE DUSK is interesting for Helen Iswolsky's solution—reason and love instead of violence and folly—in sharp contrast to the volumes of materialistic propaganda on most bookshelves today.

D. H.

Mass of Brother Michel —MICHAEL KENT . . .

MICHAEL KENT DIVIDES THE BOOK INTO THREE PARTS—THE NIGHT OF Michel, The Way of Peace, and The Day of Frère Michel—and in this division lies the story. The book is a spiritual biography of the transition of a young Seigneur of the sixteenth century from worldliness and worldly love (the night) through indifference and near despair, to supreme love (the day) in complete surrender to the divine will.

Almost like a graft from an earlier and different century, the MASS OF BROTHER MICHEL conveys the true feeling of religious life through the picture of Michel—a simple and humble Brother who was consumed by a desire to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass. Unable to be ordained because of disabilities, Michel finally achieves an interior peace in the thought that in spirit at last he is truly a priest, for "It is Christ who imparts the Sacraments and He ordains whom He wills."

The book is simple and lucid, the perfect vehicle for its subject matter, and shows a profound knowledge of Catholicism and its underlying spirit. It is, however, no sanctimonious and sentimental story, but a vital and an interesting one; a story of powerful and enduring faith. The picture it presents of the religious life is not a negative one but that of a positive choice to satisfy a capacity for love so overwhelming that it could be surfeited only by complete love of God.

The book has a personal value for the reader as well, for it conducts you within a soul and makes you richer for the experience.

E. T.

Number One — JOHN DOS PASOS . . .

DOS PASOS HAS WRITTEN A SUPERFICIAL SATIRE ON NATIONAL POLITICS. Homer Crawford is the "Number One" man of a political machine. His career is typical of that American profession which was originated by Huey Long. The book is concerned with the rise of Homer and the fall of Tyler Spotswood. Spotswood represents the campaign manager who sends this faker to the top and is rewarded with an indictment for fraud.

In such a book the matter of timing was important. This probably accounts for the choppy structure. Although the characters are fairly well done, dos Passos only touches the surface. This method of characterization in such a book eventually puts the author in a hole. He escapes easily enough by using a modified form of the "deus ex machina" technique. However this technique is incongruous and weakens the satire.

As a whole the book is disappointing. The subject matter is good but the author does not do justice to it. Dos Pasos is not a moralist and therefore not a true satirist. Due to his passivity, dos Pasos has presented a piece of writing which is more in the nature of a second rate painting.

S. D.

MICRO-SCOOPS

(Continued from page 29)

● WHEN SHE WAS SELECTED CO-CHAIRMAN OF THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE, she helped to answer the question, "What can we do for the war effort?" Soon persuaded people who could sew, (and a lot who couldn't) that they wanted to spend part of their free time making clothes for war orphans. As president of the Spanish Club, she has a genuine interest in the language and hopes some day to study at the University of Mexico. (Another ambition is to marry a doctor—but that is irrelevant here.) To the above mentioned activities, add Exam Committee, and you can see that her spare time is about nil. Still she utilizes hours of it in a most unusual and useful way, by reading aloud to a blind college man.

● TAKE 14% TAFFY TRESSES ADD GAMIN GRIN PLUS THE FAMILIAR greeting, "Hi ya, fellas!" raise to the fifth power and you have the Vice President of the Sophomore class. When Mary McGuinness trailed off her last arpeggio, she was right in there taking over the multiple duties of piano and organ, and a few more besides. Always tells of her latest embarrassing experience, yet she is the soul of capability. One moment she is directing her class G.A. program, next she's judging what should be presented. Would like to teach music and never gets ruffled—which should make her a second Damrosch in the not too far future.

MOTHER GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 22)

the darkness, could just about see her slipping stealthily beside the hedge toward the back of the yard where our hedge ends to allow enough room for the wall of Mr. Schultz's garage. Mother reached the window of the garage and in the dim light which shone out from it, we could see her shadow as she tried to look through the window without having Mr. Schultz see her. She was so engrossed that she didn't hear his back door squeak again, but from our position at the kitchen window, we saw Mrs. Schultz move silently out to the garage.

"They'll be having quite a party out there," Charley remarked, as usual picking the wrong time to be clever. We think that since Charley is so seldom clever, it is a pity that when he is, it's always at the wrong time, and this was no exception. Mother would be in a rather awkward situation if Mrs. Schultz saw her out there peering through the garage window.

We kept our eyes on Mrs. Schultz as she threw open the garage door and disclosed her husband kneeling on the floor beside something which we couldn't see clearly. Her angry voice came back to us. "So, Otto! This is what you do each night out here! You think I don't notice that you come sneaking here every night. Well, tonight it is the last time! You will get that out of here! When I refuse to allow one in the house is it not enough? Why must you do this behind my back? Get that out of here or I shall do away with it myself."

By this time, Dad, Charley and I were almost bursting with curiosity and we welcomed the sight of Mother's shadow stealing quietly toward our kitchen, for although she'd been gone only a few moments, it had seemed much longer as we waited at the window. We had completely forgotten about Davy until there was a loud crash and a cry directly in back of us.

"Davy!" Charley cried and sprang for the light switch. In a second, light flooded the kitchen and there was Davy sitting in the midst of a pile that had once been the dinner dishes and table-cloth. Apparently he had patiently waited in the darkness until he became frightened and in getting down from his chair, he had grasped the edge of the cloth pulling it and the dishes with him. He wasn't hurt at all but when we went back to the window, it was obvious that putting on the kitchen light hadn't been much of a help to Mother. The light shone out into the yard and made it impossible for her to get back to the door without being seen by Mrs. Schultz who had started back to her own house. Mother had been forced to drop to her hands and knees to stay out of the circle of light and it would be only by the best of luck that Mrs. Schultz might pass without seeing her. To put out the kitchen-light again would have only called her attention to our house, so we waited anxiously behind the curtain.

The sharp eyes of Mrs. Schultz must literally have pierced the darkness because we saw her stop suddenly and hands on hips, she came close to the hedge, and with a dangerous note of sarcasm in her voice, she said, "Good evening, Mrs. Fearon. Are you looking for something?"

Mother was too stunned to answer and she remained there on her knees looking up at Mrs. Schultz. She finally managed a weak "H-hello."

(Look across, please)

My Mother

MY MOTHER LIVES IN A LARGE, GREY HOUSE. AS A CHILD I NEVER noticed its Gothic gloom for she was there and I knew it.

The first eight years of school present many problems to a "tomboy." Yet she always understood. After climbing trees I went to her with bruises. Before Regents, I went to her with books.

Adolescence with overweight, shyness and boys exasperated all at one time or other but she listened. My social failure didn't seem to matter to her. I talked and talked and talked. Yet she was never bored. She was the only one who knew that I secretly played with my doll. For that junior prom she even persuaded Joe Evans to go with me.

Then I grew up—or did I? My life ran smoothly. I began to forget her. New knowledge made her appear no longer needed. Her home seemed gloomy. Our talks became less frequent. Finally they ceased. Cocksure I strode along. The world was at my feet. Now and then a chance remark, a line of poetry or perhaps a song would strike the hollow void of my life. Gradually the emptiness grew larger and I watched it grow. In my heart I knew the answer but my ego insisted it was too naïve. There came a time however when I just had to try.

My mother has many children and therefore many names. I sought her under every title. She was never there. I didn't blame her for often I doubted my sincerity. Then one day as I listlessly said my beads I found the way. I remembered a little boy who had once been lost and the mother who sought for him. "Mary," I prayed, "hold out your hand and bring me back to you, my mother."

"It is a little late to be tending your flowers, don't you think, Mrs. Fearon? And on your knees in the dampness—really, you are too old for this sort of thing!" That brought Mother to her feet but Mrs. Schultz said coldly, "Good night, Mrs. Fearon," leaving Mother still too dazed to answer.

Then we heard Mrs. Schultz call back to the garage much more loudly than necessary, "Otto! Otto, bring it to the house. We shall keep it. My neighbors will not have cause to say that I am a heartless woman!" This last was shouted in Mother's direction, and with a toss of her head, she walked into her house, slamming the door after her.

With that we saw her husband come out of the garage carrying something in his arms. As he came into the circle of light we saw clearly the "something" about which he had been so secretive. There in his arms was a cat, one of its forefeet encased in splints and pointing ludicrously upward. As he passed Mother, we could hear Mr. Schultz murmur softly, "Thank you, madam, thank you," and then Mother came into the house.

Faculty Facts

● WE'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW MISS KEYES DID IT, SO WE ASKED her.

"How can I put my finger on every book in the library?" she repeated, "Oh, it gets to be a habit, I guess. Why, since 1934, girls have been asking me for the same books, over and over, and you just get to know where they are, that's all." Miss Mary Keyes (and did you know she has a twin brother, Joseph?) was born in Madison, Wisconsin. She went to Wisconsin University, and then came to New York, where she took her M.A. at Columbia. She's wanted to be a librarian ever since High School.

She's worked in Wisconsin, and Chicago, and in a Law Library on Wall Street. In the summer she travels. Among other places, she's been to Finland, Estonia, and Cuba. She thought Mexico "all color," but liked Paris best.

"What do you think of Saint Jo's, Miss Keyes?" we asked. "Why, you know what I think of it—it's wonderful." she answered, "and the girls are the very nicest I've ever met."

That black stone jewelry she wears was given her by her mother. Her favorite books are biographies. She likes the color red, seersucker suits, chocolate sodas, and Marines.

Asked if she had ever thought of writing a book, Miss Keyes replied airily, "Oh no, I wouldn't do that. For, of course, it would be a best-seller, and then my life wouldn't be my own anymore."

Rosemary Christmann

● SAYS HE: FIRE AWAY!

Says I: Bang! I mean, where do you, as they say, "hail from," Mr. Kilcoyne?

Says he: (vitaminesquely) The Bay State . . . "home of the fish and the cod!"

Right now, I'll take Flatbush and let she who dares, defame it.

Says I: Oh, I like Flatbush, too.

Says he: Shows you have sense, of a sort. But then I've been saying that of St. Joseph's students since September, '28.

Says I: Where did you spend your student days, Mr. Kilcoyne?

Says he: You may say, "Note to Holy Cross women: he went to Boston College."

Says I: (enthusiastic to the nth) Oh, plush! Something to quote! How about a statement or three on "The World Today"? Sociologists are always supposed to know which burners are working, aren't they?

Says he: Italicize "suppose"; underscore "three" and proceed with my prophecies. To wit: 1—After the war the U. S. will maintain a larger standing Army than ever before. 2—Many men will remain in the service because the new Army offers so many vocational opportunities. 3—On the other hand, many men will be employed in industries fostered by the priority restrictions of the war.

Says I: (after giving up Pitman for my own system) Gotcha. Now, about that ring you wear . . .

Says he: Yes, my wife wears one just like it.

Says I: And the "P." in your name?

Says he: Patrick, of course.

Says I: Thank you, Mr. Kilcoyne. You're very interviewable or intervisible . . .

Says he: May be. But I had planned to ask you a few things, too. A quiz next hour will do it, don't you think?

Says I: Ulpl G'bye'.

Eileen Sutherland

"WORDY MATTER"

(Continued from page 28)

"reno-vated," which describes "a faded matron who has been legally divorced and spiritually refreshed in the mountains of Nevada."

Words of today come to us through varied channels. Our word adventure came to us from the French *aventure*, but the German tongue changed this to "abenteurer"—"abend" meaning evening, "teurer" meaning dear, which when combined gives us the idea that "one pays dear for an adventure in the evening." Assassin, from the Italian "assassino" was first used in connection with a band of desperados met by the Crusaders in the desert. They were eaters of hashish and their bravery was largely augmented by the use of drugs. The word "book" has an Anglo-Saxon origin and receives its name from the beech tree whose bark and branches once served for the scratching of early runes, which were Anglo-Saxon letters. Words which are used widely at present are furlough from the Dutch *verlof*, and strafe from the German *strafen* which means to punish. The admirable fighting Anzacs get their name from the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" of the first World War.

Metaphoric extension has given us such words as "head of a hammer," "elbows of pipes," "Tongue of a bell," not to mention the classic questions such as "Did you ever see a cigar box?" Perhaps the most picturesque American expressions are found in the roadside diner. To order black coffee, you "draw one in the dark," a coke is "shoot one," hash is either "clean up the kitchen" or an order of "yesterday, today, and forever." "A slab of moo, let him chew it" gets you a rump steak rare (pre-war days), and "Coney Island bloodhounds" are frankfurters. The American way of life, which represents all classes and beliefs, has done much to introduce new words and combined forms into the English language, and the study of their derivation is a fascinating one. Look at the encyclopedia again, and perhaps you'll find for yourself, the romance of the history of words.

Recollections in Tranquility

• Carol Harrison

SPRING IS HERE! YOU'VE BEEN WAITING WITH FOREBODING FOR THE annual tra la about the birds and flowers. Well, there it is! The entire campus is covered with green matter as far as the eye can see. 'Tis a veritable bosky dell—complete with trolley line. And to think we thought it an arid terrain! Spring!—and with it everything from A.A. classes out of doors to sniffles and colds in the head—which two may well be related. Many, however, lay the blame to the dank, crowded, subways.

We say, why not try the "el" before the mayor donates it to a scrap drive. It offers fresh air, sunshine, a southern exposure—even pretzels if you get on at the right station. Try them all! This is the time to try anything that will save shoe leather and ration points.

Speaking of fresh air, we touch a disputed point. Question: Can it be justified? The answer to this has set sister against sister and smashed life-long friendships. More deadly than the class wrangling is the "Health-minded Professor," who capers into the room, throws wide the windows, and reduces the class to a mass of sneezes.

At this point the hardy, outdoor type draw in deep draughts, expanding their diaphragms and counting, "One, two, three; one, two, three," while glancing on the rest with scorn. As Darwin says, it's a case of the survival of the fittest. Speaking of surviving, we don't know how we ever managed to live through the week-long indecision over the accelerated program. It had a drastic effect upon our spirits. We were gripped by apathy when, not knowing in which year we'd graduate, we found ourselves unable to wear our cherished gold class pin.

In an effort to dispel this gloom, we decided to save our money for a spring hat. Soooo—oo, one day we brought our lunch to school. We skipped gladsomely into the lunchroom only to find it crowded and all chairs taken. We debated whether saving the quarter were worth the inconvenience of standing up, or whether escaping the inconvenience were worth the great expenditure. Right then we decided to warn all underclassmen to pay better attention to Math than we had. Besides, who can divide "two bits" by an upright position without a slide rule.

The chair shortage reminded us of a poem we never saw before—so we wrote it for the occasion:

The Chair is an ancient invention
And most commonly called a seat.
It answers the need of all ages.
For removing the weight from the feet.
The chair is prodigiously clever,
By chance or by craft perhaps,
No necromancy in its usage,
Just bend at the knees and collapse.

But don't try it when there's no chair available. Perhaps the cleverest thing about the chair is its faculty for hiding under someone else when we arrive. Why complain though! We have a chair in our office that just fits us. We sit and think for hours with our head thrown back and our feet resting comfortably in the bottom drawer of the Religion Committee file. Glancing at said drawer we were amazed to find it appropriately titled, "Inactive File." (We've been trying it for head size too.)

As a result of one such session of sitting which had been accompanied by closed eyes and buzzing murmur, we dreamed up a little project which we immediately undertook (all concomitant expenses paid by the Committee for the Welfare of Greek Majors.)

Then commenced a research, carried on in the best manner of the empirical philosopher. Object: to discover the explanation for the fact that the Sophomores achieved in one class day, the same effect of complete collapse and nervous strain for which the Juniors worked an entire week. We discovered that the underlying differences of age and mind set explained it.

The Sophomore mind, caught by the Kaiser-like rush of a college in wartime, is able to change due to the resilience of youth. But, ah, the Junior mind! This delicate apparatus is geared to a hesitating way of life and is set to take as long as possible to do or to learn anything.

This brought us to the next point; viz; both Sophomore and Juniors are women. Ergo, no problem of set minds. This in turn brought us right back where we started, which was nice, too, and the buzzing recommended.

Flash! A last minute report has just come in via the rain-pipe. The Dean's List has been posted and two fruit-flies, who have consistently failed in the experiments, have made the team. They will find themselves in distinguished company, indeed.

As we place this opus of obvious literary and philosophical worth, upon the conveyor belt headed for the press room and publication, we cannot help but reflect happily upon the fortunate accident that leads the rest of the school on a vain, but intent search for the biology lab to console the flies, leaving them no time nor inclination to look for us.

very good neighbors and very friendly to each other.' 'Who are they?' 'Socrates and Helviti'us' 'I esteem them both prodigiously but let me see Helviti'us first, because I understand a little French and not a word of Greek.' He viewed me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by reputation for some time. He asked me a thousand things about the war, and the present state of religion, liberty and government in France. 'You ask me nothing, then, respecting your friend Madame Helviti'us, and yet she loves you still excessively; it is but an hour since I was at her house.' 'Ah,' said he, 'you make me recollect my former felicity; but I ought to forget it to be happy here. For many years I thought of nothing but her. At last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find. She is not, it is true, quite so handsome; but she has much good sense and wit, and loves me infinitely. Her continued study is to please me; she is at present gone to look for the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me this evening; stay with me and you will see her.'

"I perceive," said I, "that your old friend is more faithful than you, for many good matches have been offered her, all of which she has refused. I confess to you that I loved her myself to excess; but she was severe to me, and has absolutely refused me, for love of you." 'I commiserate you,' said he, 'for your misfortune; for indeed she is a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé de la Roche and the Abbé Morélet, are they not still sometimes at her house?' 'Yes, indeed, for she has not lost a single one of your friends.' 'If you had gained over the Abbé Morélet with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps, you would have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as Scotus of St. Thomas, and puts his arguments in such good order that they become almost irresistible: or if you had secured the Abbé de la Roche, by giving him some fine edition of an old classic, to speak against you, that would have been better; for I have always observed that when he advises anything, she has a very strong inclination to do the reverse.'

"At these words the new Madame Helviti'us entered with the nectar; I instantly recognized her as Mrs. Franklin, my old American friend. I reclaimed her, but she said to me coldly, 'I have been your good wife 49 years and 4 months; almost half a century; be content with that.' Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades and to return to this good world to see again the sun and you. Here I am. Let us avenge ourselves."

Part of its uniqueness lies in the fact that Madame Helviti'us was 61 and Benjamin Franklin 72 when she turned down his novel proposal, "Let us avenge ourselves."

Novel is the word for the series of letters Thomas Bailey Aldrich used to create MARGERY DAW. Edward Delaney's life certainly was in jeopardy when John Flemming discovered the hoax. If he hadn't been a good sport . . .

There it is again. The sport of letter-writing, want to play?

Honorable Mention—

● THE NEW FRESHMEN, who now look just as much a part of the "rec" as any permanent fixture. We know they've been here a few months—but this is LORIA'S first opportunity to say, "Hello, how about writing something for the next issue?"

● THE FEBRUARY GRADUATES, who come back looking as smart and sophisticated as the year old alumnae. We miss them all, and wish them much happiness. But it's so hard to forget we knew them when they wore saddle shoes.

● OUR ALUMNAE AND PROFESSORS now in the ranks of the WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, Lady Marines—the Army, Navy, and the other branches where they're working for victory. These former St. Josephites aren't out waving flags—Action—and plenty of it, is their watchword for true success.

● THE CHOIR who are doing a splendid job of enhancing Holy Hour after G.A. Their selections are excellent and their renditions sound beautiful to the critics in the caps and gowns.

● THE SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB who without fanfare have accomplished many things people don't even know about. Actions speak louder than words—those they've helped can prove it.

● THE FRENCH PLAY—Even those who didn't understand the words, knew when to laugh. And they laughed quite often at the story of the "malade imaginaire" and his troubles.

● THE SACRISTANS who keep the candles lighted, the flowers flawlessly arranged, and the Chapel in its usual waxed perfection. The undergrads are grateful to this group, who keep out of the limelight themselves, but whose work deserves more thanks than can be spoken.

● THE NEW KITCHEN—Now that shoes are rationed we appreciate not having to run from one room to the other for cups and saucers. It's such a nice large room now too many people like to come in and use it at once; which is a sure sign of success.

● THE FIRST FRIDAY DISCUSSION GROUPS—The brilliant lectures that have been given by the faculty and alumnae make us appreciate the fact that we can enjoy an evening of intellectual stimulation just as much as a Mickey Rooney comedy. At least it seems so—we keep coming back for more.

● THE BOOK EXCHANGE whose work is all over and put away till next semester. But the group who worked to give all students the maximum of assistance with the minimum of difficulty deserve a word of praise for a splendid job.

● THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT—An evening of real delight. Our songsters are making a fine tradition for themselves under able direction.

Editorials

Marjorie Jones, Editor-in-Chief

● WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP WIN THE WAR? THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE serves as an inspiration to the remainder of the college in this respect. They are daily furthering the war effort and pointing out the way to the rest of us.

Their drive for the sale of war bonds and stamps has resulted in excellent, almost unbelievable returns. It is up to the student body to keep contributing to the success of this sale. Remember, the war is still going on.

The Defense Committee has sponsored many other useful activities which have not, however, met with the success of the bond drive. The Home Nursing Course has as its object the education of women to a health program. This course, though offered in answer to a demand created by the war emergency, provides an invaluable asset for ordinary peacetime life. Sickness enters every home at some time, and the woman trained in home nursing will be able to relieve many an unhappy situation. It is strange that there are so few who realize the worth of this training.

The work of the sewing unit of the Defense Committee is admirable indeed. These girls are making necessary clothing for the children of war-torn Europe. A work more in keeping with Christian charity would be hard to find. It is a sad commentary on our patriotism and our Christianity to note how small is the group which constitutes this unit.

The Committee has established a Defense Booth on the main floor for our convenience. Here prospective applicants may obtain information about the WAACS, the WAVES, and the Marines. Here it is that we are to bring old silk and nylon stockings. Silk and nylon is vital to certain war industries. Most of us have stockings at home that we can no longer wear. It would require such a slight degree of effort to carry them to school some morning.

We are asked to do such a little bit compared to the tremendous sacrifices of the boys who are fighting for us. We are not even doing this. Our nation cannot go on without these boys. Why make them go on without us?

Our Committee on Defense has joined hands with other civilian agencies in the construction of the road to Victory. All we have to do is hop in a jeep and drive it along that road.

● THOUGH THE MAJORITY OF THE UNDERGRADUATES HAVE SEEN FIT to vote against an accelerated program, the college is making war-time adjustments which will go into effect in September. Practical courses will be offered which have been approved by the War Department and the Office of Education in Washington. These courses will receive points for the benefit of the girls who are interested; but will be purely optional—for the benefit of those who do not want any changes in the present liberal arts curriculum.

Such subjects as Metereology, Map Reading, Military German, Propaganda, Plans for Peace, Advanced Math and Physics, and Blueprint Reading will be included. These courses will be listed in a special supplement in the catalog. A minimum registration of fifteen is required for each. The members of the present faculty are adjusting themselves to the emergency and will be prepared by September to carry the new subjects along with their customary ones. In times like these, we should be appreciative of this splendid opportunity to pursue a liberal education and gain practical knowledge simultaneously. Few of us can help feeling useless at times when we think of what some people are contributing to Victory while we sit in classrooms day after day. If, while sitting in these classrooms, we are learning what the War Department deems necessary, this feeling of uselessness should no longer exist. We shall then be preparing ourselves to be of vital importance to war industry and to the post war world.

M. J.

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW

1. KATHLEEN LAMBERT

4. MAUREEN HASTINGS

2. HELEN BRANCATO

5. ANNETTE NOLAN

3. EVELYN MARZANO

6. MARGARET JOKIEL

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